Christopher Columbus

In Poetry History and Art

SARA AGNES RYAN

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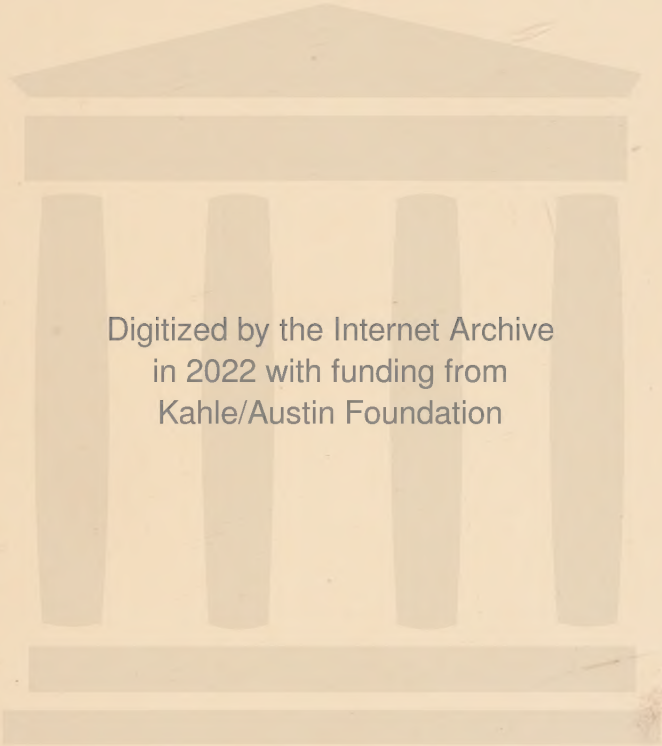

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In Poetry History and Art

By SARA AGNES RYAN

ILLUSTRATED

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY REV. F. X. MCCABE, C. M., LL. D.,
PRESIDENT OF DE PAUL UNIVERSITY, CHICAGO

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By Sara Agnes Ryan

To the
Knights of Columbus
this work is
respectfully dedicated

JAN 28 '22

The story of Columbus will never grow old. It is one that charms the more as it is read more frequently. Yet, for all that, the world knows too little of this wonderful character and his more wonderful work.

If the truth were told, Columbus has been the most neglected and unknown of all the great men of history. All honors were denied him in life and not till long after his death did men begin to appreciate his achievements. He, however, sought none of these things. His was a simple soul filled with a yearning to do for others. His faith was of the highest type and he wished all men to be blessed with that same faith.

Too much, therefore, cannot be done to place him where he belongs. Too much cannot be done that the world of today, and particularly our own America, may learn how much it owes to the simple faith and undaunted courage of the Great Navigator.

The present work will contribute not a little towards making Columbus better known in the land of those enjoying the fruits of his genius. His life has been an inspiration to the poet, the historian, the artist.

In this volume the author has brought together the gems contributed by "Poetry, History and Art." She has then woven a beautiful crown and placed it upon the brow of him who believed in his God and dared sacrifice all that others might share that belief.

F. X. McCabe, C. M. LL. D.

De Paul University, Chicago.
Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, 1916.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Home of Columbus.
The Boy Columbus.
Doria Palace at Genoa.
La Rabida at Huelva.
Columbus Asking for Bread and Water for His Son at the Convent of La Rabida.
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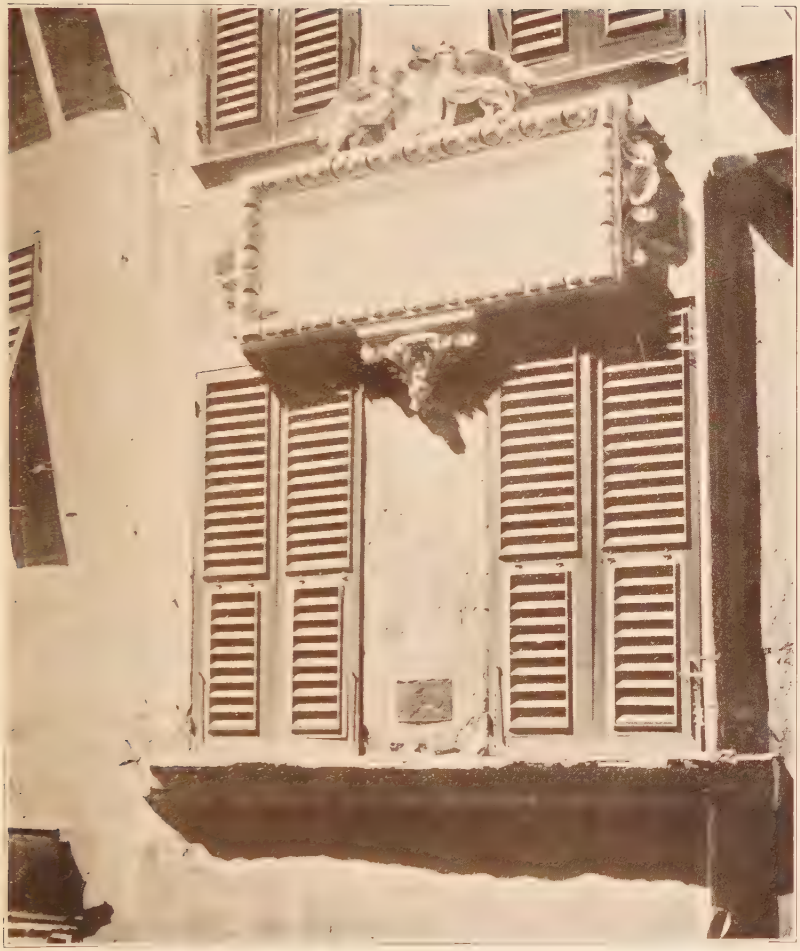

Home of Columbus's Boyhood, Genoa

Christopher Columbus
IN POETRY, HISTORY AND ART

CHAPTER I.

THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE MAN:
GENOA.

There are urchins still playing about the doorway of No. 37, Vico dritto del Ponticello, in Genoa, the building owned by the Municipality and conserved by a commission appointed for that purpose.

The tablet over the door commemorates in Latin the fact that "No house better deserves an inscription. This is the paternal home of Christopher Columbus, in which he passed his boyhood and youth."

Even those boys playing in the shadow of that building have a special interest to the lover of poetry, of history and of art, no less than to the philosopher and psychologist.

Does the august spirit of the mighty navigator hover near, or does the presence of that building conserved so jealousy, inspire those fellow citizens to lofty ideals?

Was that boy who played there so long ago conscious of the career to which he was called? What presence overshadowed *him*, and what voices whispered *his* destiny?

The boy, "the father of the man," is shown to us in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, wrought in marble by Giulio Monteverde. He is seated upon a post, of course by the sea, and is dreaming his dreams that came true at last, and tore asunder the veil that hid the one half world. But that early time of his childhood is not dwelt upon in his writings and it is only the poets' fancies that rehabilitate it for us:

"O clouds! Far clouds like languages that rise,
Blown breath made visible from lips all-wise;
Tracing dim characters of mystic form,
And signs of wonder in the distant heaven;
What speak ye to me? Not of rolling storm,
Unrest, or tremulous calm, to this life given:
Nay! But a message from the farthest skies,
God's living air,
That strangely calls: 'Arise,
Go forth, and bear!'
So spoke the heaven. And I, Columbus, heard;
Columbus, the gray Admiral, known to you.
I, from the twilight hollows of the past
That then were thrilled with dawn, the Word
recall.

Wind-buffeted and worn, and steeped in grief;
Salt spray and bitter tears upon my face;
So now you see me. But I, then, was young;
And there at Genoa on the quay I dreamed
And saw the future. Yea: 'Arise, go forth,
And bear!'

Giulo Monteverde

The Boy Columbus
In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

By day the moving shapes of cloud,
Solemn or bright, that message mutely spelled;
As though the speech of nations age-long dead
Were writ in shadowy lines upon the sky,
Bidding me do God's will! At night, in fire
That high command blazed out through all the
stars,
Whence gleamed the gaze of wise men in the
past,
But, over all, God's light that led me on.

A boy! Yet through the awful stress of years,
Of storm and conflagration, wreck and war,
Of men's wild strife and murder, I kept the
Faith,
A child's faith, pure."

—*George Parsons Lathrop.*

"The crimson sun was sinking down to rest,
Pavilioned on the cloudy verge of heaven;
And ocean, on her gently heaving breast,
Caught and flashed back the varying tints of
even,
When, on a fragment from the tall cliff riven,
With folded arms, and doubtful thoughts
oppress,
Cólumbus sat, till sudden hope was given—
A ray of gladness shooting from the West!
O what a glorious vision for mankind
Then dawned upon the twilight of his mind—
Though shadowy still, but indistinctly grand!

There stood his genie, face to face, and signed
(So legend tells us) far seaward with her hand:
Till a new world sprang up, and bloomed beneath her wand!" —*Aubrey de Vere.*

"I know not when this hope enthralled me first,
But from my boyhood up I loved to hear
The tall pine-forests of the Apennines
Murmur their hoary legends of the sea,
Which hearing, I in vision clear beheld
The sudden dark of tropic night shut down
O'er the huge whisper of watery wastes.

To this one hope my heart hath clung for many years,
As would a foundling to the talisman
Hung round his neck by hands he knew not whose;
A poor, vile thing and dross to all beside,
Yet he therein can feel a virtue left
By the sad pressure of a mother's hand.

* * * * * *

This hope hath been to me for love and fame,
Hath made me wholly lonely on the earth,
Building me up as in a thick-ribbed tower,
Wherewith enwalled my watching spirit burned.

* * * * * *

While other youths perplexed their mandolins,
Praying that Thetis would her fingers twine
In the loose glories of her lover's hair,

And while another kiss to keep back day,
I, stretched beneath the many-centuried shade
Of some writhed oak, the wood's Laocoön,
Did of my Hope a dryad mistress make,
Whom I would woo to meet me privily,
Or underneath the stars, or when the moon
Flecked all the forest floor with scattered
pearls.
O days whose memory tames to fawning down
The surly fell of ocean's bristled neck!"

—*James Russell Lowell.*

The TIME had reached its fullness: the Turk had conquered the sometime capital of the western world, Constantinople, and shut off the PLACE'S trade with the East. That trade was the Place's life-blood, drained by the wars which rivalled in duration those of the Peloponesus in the East and of the Roses in the West—of that time.

Genoa and Venice had grappled in many a death-clutch—the two leading commercial centers of the Middle Ages, and once indeed had Genoa well-nigh prostrated her rival. That was at Chioggia, told about in song and story, and Andrea Doria was the Genoese leader.

What boy in Genoa did not hear of that famous encounter, and who in all Genoa did not and does not know the Doria? Why, even to this day, we view their old Palace and all its ancient treasures:

"This house was Andrea Doria's. Here he lived;
And here at eve relaxing, when ashore,
Held many a pleasant, many a grave discourse
With them that sought him, walking to and fro
As on his deck. 'Tis less in length and breath
Than many a cabin in a ship of war;
But 'tis of marble, and at once inspires
The reverence due to ancient dignity.
He left it for a better; and 'tis now
A house of trade, the meanest merchandise
Cumbering its floors. Yet, fallen as it is,
'Tis still the noblest dwelling, even in Genoa!

And hadst thou, Andrea, lived there to the last,
Thou hadst done well; for there is that without,
That in the wall, which monarchs could not give,
Nor thou take with thee—that which says aloud,
It was thy country's gift to her deliverer."

—*Samuel Rogers.*

"Ah! what avails it, Genoa, now to thee
That Doria, feared by monarchs, once was thine?
Unrivied ruin! In thy sad decline
From virtuous greatness, what avails that he
Whose prow descended first the Hesperian sea,
And gave our world her mate beyond the brine,

The Doria Palace, Genoa

Was nurtured, whilst an infant, at thy knee?—
All things must perish,—all but things divine."

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

We see in that old palace another Andrea Doria painted by Titian and also by Sebastiano Piambo, the Venetians; we see Charles V presenting a dog to Andrea. We see the knocker of the door sculptured by no less a personage than Benvenuto Cellini, the Florentine.

Tintoretto painted the marriage in the family which occurred in 941—a retrospection.

In the old church of San Matteo also are preserved their family records from the tenth century to the present time, and in Rome, in the Corso, is their still more famous palace.

Andrea Doria did not conquer at Chioggia, but in an encounter in earlier years, a prisoner of war was brought from Venice to Genoa—none other than the renowned Marco Polo, the traveler in the dazzlingly splendid East.

What boy of Genoa has not heard recounted the wonders of that voyage, written in the prison of his city's walls?

And what boy of Genoa did not see, later in the centuries, the ships of his native land lying rotting in their harbor, their masters idle, and their trade shut off by the Turks after their conquest of Constantinople?

That was in 1453. How old was the boy at that time, who heard the Divine call to save his

country, to open that other door to the East, closed since the creation of the world?

"Signs have been set for me
As for the holy men of old. To seek
To find those far-off lands and that near way,
That western way, unto the Indian shore—
For this was I called sunward from the womb."

—*John Vance Cheney.*

Genoa, browbeaten by her great rival, ruined by her foreign foe, unsung by the poets, unbeautified by the masters of the arts, was the one city that could produce the Man chosen to surmount and surpass all that science and human effort had heretofore accomplished.

Genoa is called "La Superba" by her inhabitants. She is also called The City of Palaces, but no Shakespeare has told of her Doges, no poet has sung of her warriors, but high above all poets and rulers is exalted the Man who through stupendous effort accomplished the fulfillment of his destiny.

"For me, I have no choice;
I might turn back to other destinies,
For one sincere key opes all Fortune's doors;
But whoso answers not God's earliest call
Forfeits or dulls that faculty supreme
Of lying open to his genius
Which makes the wise heart certain of its ends."

—*James Russell Lowell.*

"Not mine the race to change,
Or make new men who better should disclose
God's likeness; but to take the men I found
And mould them, rude, to servants of His word.
I, rude myself, a sailor, full of faults,
Yet bending still to Him my thoughts, my will,
My learning and my act,—what could I hope
More than to win them that they, too, should bear
The sacred burden, and help carry Christ
Unto the far new land o'er seas unknown?

High was that mission, to me unworthy given.
But hardship trained my hands. Firm hope made whole
My weakness; lending to my spirit wings
Across the deep to fly. When hope grew frail,
Sad poverty came, and with her slow calm smile
Gave me the kiss of peace, and made me strong.
So—dowered with patience, hope, faith, charity—
A beggar at the gates of that New World
I stood, whose key I held, and I alone."

—*George Parsons Lathrop.*

Much has been written about Christopher Columbus, and much has been unwritten, or denied.

The Journal of his voyage which he kept for the sovereigns, is no longer in existence, but

the great La Casas, the "friend of the Indians," was son of one who had made the voyage with him, and he had recourse to all his papers, and wrote his life, which is preserved.

Columbus's son Ferdinand also wrote his biography, which later day "wiseacres" condemn as untruthful. In fact, one of these late "authorities" writes thus:

"Columbus never spoke one word of truth on what related to himself personally; and his family, on this point, have carefully followed his example. Throughout his letters and writings he has sprinkled incorrect statements, skillfully devised, with the object either of obscuring certain portions of his life or of hiding traces of his origin; and in fact, these statements have resulted in the creation of a sort of conventional history as to the formation of his ideas and the causes which led to his discovery.

The principal disseminators of this history were Las Casas and Ferdinand Columbus, and criticism today is destroying fragment by fragment this falsification.

Already the majority of the lies of which it is composed have been subjected to the light of truth, and by degrees we are beginning to form a correct notion of that part of the life of the crafty Genoese, he and his have been pleased to present to us under such false colors."

—*Henry Vignaud.*

Should the case of Columbus's canonization be called, that writer might be considered a self-appointed "Devil's Advocate," only in that office abuse is not one of the duties—nor prejudice; only just cause for defeat.

So, in attempting to portray Columbus historically, one may get into a hornet's nest, so certain is each "authority" of his own case and of all others' errors.

We shall not catalogue the writers on Columbus, nor specify the "authorities".

In the first place, there was a wrangle as to which city could claim his birth; even now, the date of that event is disputed; Henry Vignaud wrote a complete volume, setting forth the errors of all other "authorities" and settling forever, to his own satisfaction, that the date of Columbus's birth is the year 1451.

Next, there is a contradiction that he ever attended the University of Pavia; that he ever fought such and such sea-fights; that he went to the convent of La Rabida upon his first entrance to Spain, or upon his rejection after the hearing of Salamanca; that he married Beatriz de Arana—oh my! what an indignant howl at the very idea of that! Henry Harrisse, the "great authority," cannot produce facts, but he "thinks" that Columbus's first wife was living when he met Beatriz! And there is dispute even as to where his remains repose—for may they rest in peace!

Let us be thankful that we are allowed to believe that there *was* such a man as Columbus, the discoverer, that the "authorities" do not, as in the case of Shakespeare, as a writer, deny his very existence.

Let us say that his ancestors had furnished one Admiral, at least, in that city where seafaring was the chief occupation.

Let us say, also, that there is some plausibility in the tradition Columbus advanced that the family had at one time been noble.

Noble in fact, we know it to have been, and noble in title also it may have been, when title was all that could lift one from the masses.

We have no word pictures of that family gathered round the sturdy mother and honest wool-comber—the four boys with their little sister: Christopher, the dreamer, the genius; Bartholomew, the sturdy, the reliable one; Pelegrino, the delicate, who passed away early in youth; Diego, the pious, who assumed Holy Orders, and Biancinetta, the sister, who wedded a tradesman and died "unhonored and unsung."

Christopher was sent to the University of Pavia—records in that building attesting that fact, as well as a monument placed there to commemorate it, and a pinch of the great man's ashes is one of its priceless treasures.

Genoa honors her son whom she did not recognize in life. Her frescoed palaces show forth

his glory, the Municipal Palace in particular, being rich in mementoes of him, having preserved in a golden urn a pinch of his ashes presented to the Municipality by the Archbishop of Santo Domingo, when his body was brought to light in 1877. Also in magnificent encasement are his authentic letters and his Book of Privileges, showing the grants made to him by the Spanish sovereigns at the time of his first voyage. The bag in which they were preserved is there, too. With them, in the Council Chamber, are two large mosaics, one of Columbus and one of that other famous traveler and prisoner of the city, who was treated as a guest, Marco Polo. Those were placed here in 1867.

A large fresco shows us Columbus at the Court of Spain.

The Palazzo Rosso, the Red Palace, contains an inspiring group wrought by the sculptor Raggi, and erected by the Municipality in 1851. Columbus is shown, chart in hand, leading forth to the promised land. The base shows in relief the three ships. In the cathedral is a plan, in bronze, showing Genoa as it was in Columbus's time.

The old bank of St. George is still standing, a tablet commemorating the fact that he had appointed it executor of his will.

A monument erected by the "Patria" acknowledges him as her own, and she celebrated with fitting ceremonies the four hundredth an-

niversary of his great voyage, there being fifty-two warships in her harbor, sent to honor the foremost Admiral of all ages, while the old bell, cracked in ringing out tidings joyous to her, was recast so as to peal forth the great event renewed; and music lent her charms also, for the story was sung in the form of Operas, composed in 1828 by Morlachi, and later by Franchetti; but so inspiring is his story, that more than a dozen operas have it for their *motif,* while Richard Wagner sets it forth in the form of an overture. As to the dramatists, they of practically all countries have recognized the inspiration of the theme and have produced it successfully upon the stage; also poets without number have sung the lofty theme.

"Gently, as roses die, the day declines;
On the charmed air there is a hush the while;
And delicate are the twilight tints that smile
Upon the summits of the Apennines.
The moon is up; and o'er the warm wave shines
A fairy bridge of light, whose beams beguile
The fancy to some secret summer isle
Where Love may dwell, which only Love divines.
The blue light of Italian summer falls
Around us; over the crystalline swell
I see the lamps lit in her tier of halls
And bid to Genoa the Superb farewell.
Home of Columbus! Having dwelt in thee,
I dream of undiscovered lands at sea!"

—*William Gibson.*

CHAPTER II.

PREPARATION:

PORTUGAL.

"At fourteen years my home
Was on the sea,—the sea, great Nature's pulse,
The test and measure of her mighty heart,
And East and West and North and South I rode,
In heat and cold, in peace and changeful war,
Till, met with many lands and many men,
Roman and Greek, Indian and greedy Moor,
From each I had each littlest thing might serve
My life's one purpose. Both tradition grave
And thousand noiser voices of the hour
I heeded; reason heard, and fancy, who
Has wisdom also, all her golden own."

—*John Vance Cheney.*

After some years of coast service, Christopher arrived at Portugal, where his brother Bartholomew was harbored before him. It was the one haven for the Genoese still hearkening to the lure of the sea—nay, more than that, Portugal may be called the University of maritime explorations, presided over by the monarch justly styled "The Navigator"—Prince Henry.

At that University the question propounded was: Can a new route to India be found around the southern coast of Africa? The question was paramount, likewise, to all civilized Europe, for though Genoa's trade suffered most directly through the fall of Constantinople to the Turks, as her route had lain for centuries through the Black and Caspian Seas, past that city,—Venice also was harassed as were the Hanseatic Cities.

Why was Portugal the leader in solving that problem? As the Turks came into Europe through Constantinople, Portugal had driven them forth from her kingdom and had pursued them far into Africa; therefore Africa was not unknown to her, and her bold captains had discovered and were even now settling islands lying off that coast.

All knowledge which bore upon the subject of a new route to India was renovated. The writings of the great thinkers upon that subject and upon the spheroidity of the earth—Aristole, Ptolemy and Roger Bacon, were thoroughly sifted, and the history of the doers, Leif Ericson, Marco Polo, and Sir John Mandeville, was read and discussed with avidity.

Ptolemy had maintained that a great continent lay to the south of Africa, and therefore blocked the southern way to India. His geography had been the standard text book for twelve centuries, or until Columbus' voyage.

A Spanish writer named Mela thought that though a continent lay there, it was not connected directly with either Asia or Africa.

These were the thinkers, and their theories were finally to be tested.

Portugal's seamen had reached as far as the coast of Guinea, and now were to push farther. In 1471 that was done.

But though they crossed the equator, and sailed on and on, no passage could they find past Africa, for it still fronted them in an unbroken barrier. So they returned and reported that Ptolemy as right, and that even should a passage be found around the southern coast, the way was long, so long that it was out of the question to follow it.

So also, later, did the seamen sent out surreptiously by King John to test Columbus's theory of sailing westward, return and protest that no land was to be found in that vast expanse of sea.

But Columbus was the Man of the Hour. He was the thinker, and knew of the subject all that had been known before him; he had seen and conversed with many other thinkers, and he well might say, what Alfred Tennyson puts into the mouth of that other great wanderer of olden times, Ulysses:

"I am a part of all that I have met."

But Columbus was more than a thinker, he was emphatically a *doer*.

What boots it, if he had sailed to Iceland or not? Did not he know the story of the Norsemen finding regions far to the north and west? Did not he know all about far Cathay—the China of Marco Polo—with the ocean to the east? That ocean to the east of China, surely was one and the same ocean as that to the west of Europe! Did not he know that the earth was round as proved by Ptolemy, for could not he see the shadow of the earth when cast upon the moon in an eclipse to be round, and had not he time and again seen the tops of the masts of ships at sea before he saw the hulls, as the vessels slowly rounded the curve of ocean's breast?

Had not he pondered and dreamed the answer to the question the King's official sent to the foremost astronomer and geographer of the age—the great Florentine, Toscanelli—"Can we reach land by sailing westward?" That was in 1472. Columbus wrote that same question to the Florentine and received the same answer sent to the official Martins; and he received besides, great encouragement in his expressed desire to undertake the voyage to prove it. Not only that, but the astronomer's chart was forwarded to him.

But King John, as we know, proved false.

Columbus, taking his orphan son, Diego, by the hand, left Portugal.

What had that country done for him? Doubtless not a little. Besides enhancing his educational ideas he had met there and had loved and wedded the daughter of a renowned Italian navigator, Perestrello.

He had lived many years there on the seashore at Lisbon and also on the island of Porto Santo, where the homes of his wife's family may yet be seen.

Columbus at the Convent of La Rabida

CHAPTER III.

THE AGONY OF SUSPENSE: SPAIN.

HUELVA AND PALOS: LA RABIDA.

"In Rabida's monastic fane
I cannot ask, and ask in vain,—
The language of Castile I speak;
Mid many an Arab, many a Greek,
Old in the days of Charlemagne,
When minstrel music wandered round,
And science, waking, blessed the sound.

No earthly thought has here a place,
The cowl let down on every face;
Yet here, in consecrated dust,
Here would I sleep, if sleep I must.

From Genoa when Columbus came,
(At once her glory and her shame)
'Twas here he caught the holy flame;
'Twas here the generous vow he made;
His banners on the altar laid.

Here, tempest-worn and desolate,
A Pilot, journeying thro the wild,
Stopt to solicit at the gate
A pittance for a child.

'Twas here, unknowing and unknown,
He stood upon the threshold-stone.
But hope was his—a faith sublime,
That triumphs over place and time;
And here, his mighty labor done
And his course of glory run,
Awhile as more than man he stood,
So large the debt of gratitude!"

—*Samuel Rogers.*

La Rabida, an old fortress of the Moors on the border-line of their possession—the word in their language meaning *frontier*—and later a Franciscan monastery dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and renamed St. Mary of La Rabida, is on a promontory a short distance out of the port of Palos in the town of Huelva, and is now conserved by the Spanish government as one of its most famous monuments, and its prior, Juan Perez de Marchena, shall ever be associated with the memory of Columbus.

The building was reproduced in Chicago at the World's Columbian Exposition and it was there rich in relics and mementoes of the great man. The souvenir of that display was prepared by the late William E. Curtis, and it is a condensed history of the explorer's life.

The replicas of the three caravels—now lacking one—which left Palos under the aus-

The Monastery of La Rabida, Huelva

pices of Juan Perez are still moored in the lagoon at Jackson Park, but a more lasting tribute to Columbus was erected in the city, the Columbus Memorial Building, rich in Venetian mosaic showing scenes from his momentous history.

The relics from La Rabida in Jackson Park have been removed, but the building itself remains, used as a free Sanitarium for sick babies—a fitting charity commemorative of that great charity which prompted the noble Prior of the real monastery to open his heart and soul and intellect to the weary and heart-sick pilgrim with his child, whom heaven had guided to his gate.

"And now, a way-worn traveller, where, Rabida,
Thy lonely convent overlooks the sea,
(Soon to be furrowed by ten thousand keels),
He waits, preferring no immodest suit—
A little bread and water for his boy,
O'ertasked with travel! then the welcome in,
And the good friar—saints receive his soul!"

—Henry Howard Brownell.

Fra Juan Perez Marchena did not entertain an angel unawares, no, it was given to him to pierce through the human veil and to meet him soul to soul.

"Juan Perez' faith
Who heard him and conceived his words no wraith
Of fevered fancy, but the very truth, was light
To bring the Queen to know his purposes aright."

—*Louis James Block.*

"He took them in, he gave them food;
The traveller's dreams he heard;
And fast the midnight moments flew,
And fast the good man's wonder grew,
And all his heart was stirred.

The child the while, with soft, sweet smile,
Forgetful of all sorrow,
Lay soundly sleeping in his bed—
The good man kissed him then, and said,
'You leave us not tomorrow!

I pray you rest the convent's guest;
The child shall be our own—
A precious care, while you prepare
Your business with the court, and bear
Your message to the throne.'

And so the guest he comforted.
O wise, good prior! to you,
Who cheered the stranger's darkest days
And helped him on his way, what praise
And gratitude are due!"

—*John T. Trowbridge.*

Very fitting it is that a cross should now mark the spot of that meeting at the convent gate and fitting also that the Monastery should contain memorials of that momentous event—which were so lacking on the occasion of the pilgrimage there by Washington Irving after the writing of his great biography.

Some one has said that next to being a great poet is the power of understanding one. *We* say, that next to being a great personage in whatever rank of life, is the power of appreciating one, and next to Christopher Columbus in the discovery of America—even before Isabella, Queen of Castile and Leon—for what had *he* to gain?—will ever stand the humble friar whose encouragement and influence and moral suasion and prayers made possible what even the stupendous determination and perseverance of Columbus himself could not accomplish.

"An ancient convent, too, there seems
That stands on rising ground,
Which o'er a sea-lashed coast uprears—
Pine trees are waving round.

In such, begirt with map and chart,
That navigator bold,
With Friar Juan Perez, once,
Did many a conference hold.

In such he sat, in musing mood,
When thoughts his brain would rack—
As o'er a visioned ocean waste,
A phantom ship he'd track,

In fancy, to a distant clime,
Of fair and shadowy bowers,
Where birds of gorgeous colored plumes
Winged over radiant flowers;

Where animals of fancy foot,
More fleet than eye had seen,
Were roving—to his dreamy thought—
Amid savannah's green;

And where, through shade of spicy trees,
The gentle natives there,
With diamond eyes and glittering smiles,
And dark, luxuriant hair,

Were culling fruits of luscious taste,
Or silvered barks they plied
Adown the shining azure streams,
Whose waters—pearls should hide.

Oh, many a vision such, was his
Ere he a sail unfurled—
Ere monarch's might would grant him aid
To find our blessed world!

And once—from forth such convent's gates
  That noble seaman rode
And with his thoughts so high—alone—
  He sought a king's abode.

'Twas military bustle all,
  As Colon lighted down—
Alone—unknowing and unknown—
  In Cordova's old town."

—*Emily Shaw Forman.*

CORDOVA.

Keeping his son at La Rabida—and incidentally we may remark that those who enjoy their history clothed in the romantic setting of fiction, might read "The Son of Columbus," by Mollie Elliot Sewell, as she treats of the periods during which he was an inmate of the convent and page at the Court of Isabella—Fra Juan Perez sent Columbus forth armed with a letter which he felt certain would obtain an audience with the sovereigns. No, the letter did not obtain an audience with the sovereigns, nor even one with the personage to whom it was addressed, Fernando de Talavera, his successor as confessor of Isabella.

Talavera was a high personage at court, and it was all very well for his simple, visionary, humble friend to be taken in by a strolling adventurer, but he—archbishop was he?—had more prudence. He did not ignore the letter entirely, but he practiced courtly manners, utilized his anti-room, in which humble suppliants bided his good pleasure.

Day by day the high hopes of Columbus sank, and day by day dwindled the small store of funds with which the good friar had provided him. Fernando de Talavera did not obtain for him an audience with Isabella, nor did

any friend come forth to assist him. In desperation he himself penned a letter to the sovereigns, setting forth his pleas, but as is the fate of all such letters, it was unnoticed and unanswered.

He was poor, he was shabby, he was treated with contempt, if not with distrust; he had the responsibility of his young son, unfit to endure the hardships of that venturesome voyage, should he succeed in undertaking it, and now appeared one moved with pity and also with love, but one, alas, who has become in these late years the unconscious and innocent occasion of the crowning infamy heaped upon his head—Beatriz Enriquez de Arana, his second wife and the mother of his son Ferdinand whom most writers stigmatize as illegitimate.

In Cordova we see the house which was occupied by the family of Beatriz, now used as a hotel of secondary rank.

It is opposite the old Moorish mosque which, next to the Alhambra, ranks as a type of architecture so intricate and beautiful and called for them, and the gate through which Columbus entered the town is now called by his name.

Beatriz Enriquez de Arana was a young lady of noble birth, guarded and honored as are all ladies of her rank.

Those familiar with the rigid etiquette of the southern countries, and of Spain in particular, where the people's most striking char-

acteristic after personal loyalty to the king and devotion to the church, was "the point of honor," may well marvel how a stranger with impunity could harm so mortally one of her station. Could Spanish pride brook such dishonor to their house?

Her brothers were his friends. Later the son of one of them, and on another voyage the father himself, sailed with Columbus across the sea.

What man could see his sister thus degraded and still smile and call the villain friend?

"But," maintains a historian, "there is no record of the marriage." Because no record of the marriage has been found, therefore, there is no marriage!

"And," writes another, "there is no record of the christening of the son."

We are tempted to exclaim, "Ye gods and little fishes!"

Can anyone who has read Columbus' epistles and the messages he sent to the sovereigns of Spain, in which he implores them to have a care for the souls of the savages, to send missionaries to convert them; who considers himself to have been called especially by Providence to open up the way to that unknown land for the light of the gospel; who deems himself literally to be *Christopher, "Christbearer"*—carrying *Him* across the waters as did his protonym of old—

Could anyone sanely imagine that one not acknowledged and professedly a deep-dyed hyprocrite, could thus neglect the baptism of his own son?

"Well," writes another, "if Beatriz were his wife, strange he did not place her on his vice-regal throne in the New World!"

Heaven save the mark! Where was that throne? Was it there, on the island of Hayti, in the fort he built with the wreckage of his vessel, and in which he left a handful of his men to maintain it? The men, alas, of whom he found no remains on his return but a few scattered bones!

Was it there, on the islands after his second voyage, where his life and that of his crew were in danger from the savages, and where he lay sick unto death?

Was it the one from which Bobadilla plucked him and loaded him with chains, and sent him back to Spain in ignominy?

Was it the pestilential swamp upon which he was imprisoned by the loss of his old, rickety, worm-eaten vessel, given him by his sovereigns to get rid of him—his fourth voyage?

Perhaps his vice-regal throne was the inn in Vallalodid in which he bided almost as a beggar, while the fruits of his labor were withheld from him, and the ingratitude and injustice of the sovereigns well-nigh crushed his soul.

Count Roselly de Lorgues undertook to trace the origin of the scandal and found that one hundred years after the death of Columbus, a librarian, noticing the codicil of his will in which he exhorts his son Diego to pay to Beatriz Enriquez certain sums, for his conscience troubled him in regard to her, immediately took pen and wrote down the stigma of illegitimacy against her son.

Was not that librarian cognizant of the custom in Spain at that date and at a later date—of husbands referring to their wives by their maiden names?

Note this quotation from one of Spain's greatest writers, Cervantes, in "Don Quixote:"

"Why, should this come to pass," quoth Sancho Panza, "and I be made king by some such miracle as your worship says, then Joan Guthierez (my mis'ess) would be at least a queen and my children infantas."

So vigorously and ably did the count vindicate Columbus' memory that the Holy Father commended his work, and as if the blot thus wiped out had been the only obstacle to the highest honor mortal flesh is heir to, petitions were immediately prepared and they were signed by the Fathers of the Vatican Council that the cause of his canonization be introduced.

That is not yet done.

In a work upon Columbus, written later than that by Count Roselly de Lorgues, the Rev. R. A. G. Knight treats the subject of Beatriz Enriquez ably and scholarly, and makes mention that documents throwing further light on the marriage were discovered: one by Rev. Raymond Buldio at Valencia, and another by Rev. Marcellino de Civezza in the library of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid. He also mentions an article in L'Univers, of January 11, 1877.

Should the Holy See think fit to have the subject of Columbus' canonization introduced one would think that sufficient documents might be found in the Vatican library, as Rome took a most vital interest in the New World and all that pertain thereto, the line of demarkation having been adjusted by Alexander VI.

As the historians, almost without exception, have jumped at conclusions in regard to the matter which troubled Columbus' conscience in regard to Beatriz Enriquez, we feel justified in giving our version also, and that is, that Columbus was troubled, not because he did not marry Beatriz—for what hindered his doing so?—but that he *did* marry her.

His temperament was so intensely spiritual and his mission was so lofty, that the Divine injunction to "leave all and follow Me" was not beyond his ability to obey.

It may be, that as the Disciples of the Master left their wives to follow Him, Columbus and Beatriz parted by mutual consent and for the better fulfillment of his mission.

"Columbus and Beatriz" is the title of a novel by Constance Goddard Du Bois, in which the author tenderly and graphically portrays the love story of the two characters. She takes as her *motif* the relationship as upheld by Count Roselly de Lorgues, and the severing of the marriage tie by Columbus' vow, taken in time of stress and storm.

However, to return to Columbus' mission—when in Cordova the Grand Chancellor of Castile, Mendoza, finally procured for Columbus a hearing by the sovereigns.

We may imagine his plea to Ferdinand:

"Illustrious monarch of Iberian's soil,
Too long I wait permission to depart;
Sick of delays, I beg thy listening ear—
Shine forth the patron and the prince of art.

While yet Columbus breathes the vital air,
Grant his request to pass the western main;
Reserve this glory for thy native soil,
And, what must please thee more, for thy own reign.

Of this huge globe, how small a part we know;
Does heaven their worlds to western suns deny?

How disproportioned to the mighty deep
The lands that yet to human prospect lie!

Does Cynthia, when to western skies arrived,
Spend her moist beam upon the barren main,
And ne'er illume with midnight splendor, she,
The natives dancing on the lightsome plain?

Should the vast circuit of the world contain
Such wastes of ocean and such scanty land?
'Tis reason's voice that bids me think not so;
I think more nobly of the Almighty Hand.

Does yon fair lamp trace half the circle round
To light mere waves and monsters of the sea?
No; be there must, beyond the billowy waste,
Islands, and men, and animals, and trees.

An unremitting flame my breast inspires
To seek new lands amid the barren waves,
Where, falling low, the source of day descends,
And the blue sea his evening visage laves.

Hear, in his tragic lay, Cordova's sage:
'The time may come when numerous years are past,
When ocean will unloose the bands of things,
And an unbounded region rise at last;
And Typhis may disclose the mighty land,
Far, far away, where none have roamed before,

Nor will the world's remotest region be
Gibraltar's rock, or Thule's savage shore.'

Fired at the theme, I languish to depart;
Supply the bark and bid Columbus sail;
He fears no storm upon the untraveled deep;
Reason shall steer, and Skill disarm the gale.

Nor does he dread to miss the intended course,
Though far from land the reeling galley stray,
And skies above, and gulfy seas below,
Be the sole objects seen for many a day.

Think not that Nature has unveiled in vain
The mystic magnet to the mortal eye;
So late have we the guiding needle planned,
Only to sail beneath our native sky?

Ere this was known, the Ruling Power of all
Formed for our use an ocean in the land,
Its breadth so small we could not wander long,
Nor long be absent from the neighboring strand.

Short was the course, and guided by the stars,
But stars no more must point our daring way;
The Bear shall sink, and every guard be drowned,
And Great Arcturus scarce escape the day,

When southward we shall steer—O grant my
wish,
Supply the bark, and bid Columbus sail;
He dreads not tempest on the untraveled deep ;
Reason shall steer, and Skill disarm the
gale."

—*Philip Freneau.*

That same plea is expressed by Emily Shaw Forman:

"As o'er his face of thought sublime,
A glorious smile there broke,
Before Hispania's king and queen,
He bowed and thus he spoke:

"Oh, puissant King! illustrious Queen,
I pray you list to me—
For I have thought to make your power
The greatest that may be.

O'er seas unknown, of realms I've mused
That teem with wealth untold—
There natives ply their silver barks
On streams that pearls must hold.

I think, as Afraganus tells,
The world is small and round,
And when I've crossed the western deep,
Know India will be found.

There's but Cipango lies between,
Which Marco Polo told

Would prove to be a shining land,
  Bestrewed with burnished gold.

Then grant me many a wingéd ship
  That I those realms may seek—
And offerings rich, from stranger clime,
  My grateful heart shall speak.

Then brilliant gems from plenteous mines
  Of every hue that be,
I'll delve to weave a diadem,
  Oh, gentle queen, for thee.

I've dreamed that land held heretics—
  Those beings at thy feet
I see them kneel—they bless the hour
  When westward sailed our fleet.

Then give me but the astrolabe,
  A few picked seamen true,
And I will cross the trackless deep
  To find a realm for you;

Where ne'er a ship has sailed before,
  I'll breast the ocean wave,
Nor heed the howling billows' roar,
  Nor fear a watery grave.

No, no! such visions blest I'll have
  At night, upon the deep—
'Twill seem that forms from Paradise
  Are visiting my sleep—

To paint, ere barks have touched that shore,
  Its blue-robed mountains high,
Full dawning on our glorious sight,
  That we may know it nigh.

Oh, when we touch that blessed strand,
  And rests each weary keel,
To Him who dwells above the skies,
  In reverence will we kneel.

Then rising, as we anthems sing,
  My arms in air I'll toss,
And high the glorious banner wave,
  That bears the blessed cross.

We'll plant it on some lofty cone,
  Before it kneel again,
And kiss the earth, so stoutly sought,
  For King and Queen of Spain.'

His ample front, his kindling eye,
  His brightly flushing cheek,
His earnest, deep, unfaltering tones,
  Such purpose high did speak—

That heavenly Isabel
  To glowing thoughts awoke,
As dreams all blest rapt her soul,
  In ecstacy she spoke:

'Thou gracious King, this seaman list;
  Sweet visions dawn on me;
They image gilded palaces,
  Beyond a crystal sea.' "

But no, Ferdinand, the unfaithful, counselled delay. He was conservative, distrustful, self-centered; he would consider; one must not disturb one's equanimity by untoward events—wait.

"Let us lay the matter before the wise counsellors of the realm."

That gathering at Salamanca seems to present an analogy to an earlier gathering of wise churchmen, set in judgment upon the high enterprise of another visionary, Joan of Ark. In fact, one cannot but compare the two beings called upon to perform high and lofty deeds, and who received mistrust and finally crushing injustice in payment.

Joan has been vindicated, and let us hope that the time is not far distant when Columbus' memory will be cleared of all the imputations flung upon it.

"King Ferdinand, he coldly spoke:
'I will that there shall be,
At Salamanca, council held,
This sailor's scheme to see.' "

—*Emily Shaw Forman.*

Columbus Before the Council of Salamanca

Julius Rating

SALAMANCA.

"And now (the audience gained), at Salamanca,
Before them all, a simple mariner,
He stands, unawed by the solemnity
Of gowns and caps—with courteous, grave demeanor,
And in plain words, unfolding his high purpose."

—*Henry Howard Brownell.*

"Were you at Salamanca? No.
We fronted there the learning of all Spain,
All their cosmogonies, their astronomies;
Guess-work they guessed it, but the golden quess
Is morning star to the full round of truth.

No guess-work! I was certain of my goal;
Some thought it heresy; that would not hold.
King David called the heavens a hide, a tent
Spread over earth, and so this earth was flat;
Some cited old Lactantius: could it be that
Trees grew downward, rain fell upward, men
Walked like a fly on ceilings? and besides
The great Augustine wrote that none could breathe

Within the zone of heat; so might there be
Two Adams, two mankinds, and that was clean
Against God's word: thus was I beaten back,
And chiefly, to my sorrow, by the Church,
And thought to turn my face from Spain, appeal
Once more to France or England; but our Queen
Recalled me, for at last their Highnesses
Were half assured this earth might be a sphere.

All glory to the all-blessed Trinity,
All glory to the mother of our Lord,
And Holy Church, from whom I never swerved
Not even by one hair's breadth of heresy;
I have accomplished what I came to do."

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Talavera was appointed to supervise the meeting which was held in St. Stephen's Hall, the monks entertaining Columbus and standing forth as his supporters.

"St. Stephen's cloistered hall was proud
In learning's pomp that day,
For there a robed and stately crowd
Pressed on in long array.
A mariner with simple chart
Confronts that conclave high,
While strong ambition stirs his heart,
And burning thoughts of wonder start
From lip and sparkling eye.

What hath he said? With frowning face,
In whispered tones they speak,
And lines upon their tablets trace,
Which flush each ashen cheek ;
The Inquisition's mystic doom
Sits on their brows severe,
And bursting forth in visioned gloom,
Sad heresy from burning tomb
Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time
Thy splendid dream shall crown;
Yon Western Hemisphere sublime,
Where unshorn forests frown,
The awful Andes' cloud-wrapt brow,
The Indian hunter's bow,
Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,
And rocks of gold and diamonds, thou
To thankless Spain shalt show.

Courage, World-finder! Thou hast need!
In Fate's unfolding scroll,
Dark woes and ingrate wrongs I read,
That rack the noble soul.
On! On! Creation's secrets probe,
Then drink thy cup of scorn,
And wrapped in fallen Caesar's robe,
Sleep like that master of the globe
All glorious,—yet forlorn."

—*Lydia Huntley Sigourney.*

"Of Salamanca's sages, some,
They scoffed a rounded world,
Nor deemed for Colon there should be
A single sail unfurled.

'This madman tells us there are men
Whose heads in air hang down';
Said one old councilor-sage—
'The thought, it makes me frown!
Of such a topsy-turvy world,
Sure it can never be,
That all the branches downward grow,
Of any single tree!' "

—*Emily Shaw Forman.*

The force of that crushing blow to Columbus' hopes was mitigated by the friendly aid of that other of his friends and one he acknowledges in his Will beside Father Perez, Isabella, and Archangel—Father Diego de Deza, the Prior of the Convent of San Estaban, still standing, professor of theology in the University of Salamanca, and tutor to the heir-apparent, Prince Juan.

In the University of Notre Dame, at South Bend, Indiana, is an original portrait of that Dominican prior, and the highest honor recorded in marble upon his tomb in the Cathedral at Seville is the fact that he was a friend and patron of Christopher Columbus.

He had entertained the navigator at a farm belonging to his order near the town of Salamanca, where the owner during the great celebration of 1892 erected a monument—a stone pyramid—upon which was placed a globe.

"But Ferdinand and Isabel,
For all those sages learned,
Said, when they scourged the infidel,
His suit should not be spurned.

The warrior king the Moors assailed,
And fields were lost and won—
Still, still, Columbus urged his suit ;
Long years had come and gone.

From Seville, proud, impatiently,
Then rose that mariner,
And sought again La Rabida's dome
And would again confer

With Friar Juan Perez, good,
Then spake that friend so true,
(Whoever clung to him in need,
Whatever might ensue) :

'My mule, sure-footed, will I mount—
I'll haste to Santa Fe—
And there will urge our gracious queen,
As earnest as may be.'

The friar's mule was saddled soon,
And soon to Santa Fe,

He hasted—his discerning mind,
How well could it foresee!

Queen Isabella's bosom fired,
As forcibly he spoke—
She listed well his earnest word,
And thus her silence broke:

'Oh! Father Juan Perez, good,
My thanks are due to thee,
For back recalling Colon bold,
For us to cross the sea.

Then bear thy friend this golden store,
And prithee from me say,
That I enjoin, to Santa Fe
He hie, without delay.'

Columbus, whom these tidings cheered,
Made haste to Santa Fe,
And there a splendid mournful sight,
His hap it was to see."

—*Emily Shaw Forman.*

The infidel Moors had invaded Spain in 711, and had overrun the whole country, practically, except the Asturias, and had passed into France and had bid fair to extend their sway throughout all Europe; but Charles Martel, "the Hammer," stopped their inroad at Tours, 732, and thus saved the land to Christianity.

It was only upon the union of the two kingdoms of Aragon and Castile, by the marriage

of their sovereigns, 1469, that Spain slowly but surely forced them from that territory.

For several years the subjugations continued, and now before the Moorish capital and stronghold, Granada, the flower of Spain awaited their final victory.

Here again, the novelist finds an enchanting setting for his characters, and James Fenimore Cooper in his "Mercedes of Castile," brings that scene as well as the circumstances connected with that never-to-be-repeated first voyage vividly before us; and Washington Irving in style no less interesting revives it in his "Conquest of Granada."

Santa Fe, "Holy Faith," was the name given by Ferdinand and Isabella to the besieging encampment. It was so substantially built—as the first temporary buildings had been consumed by an accidental conflagration—that it was practically a town.

It was here that Isabella received the messenger dispatched by Juan Perez with a letter addressed directly to herself—for he recognized the fact that what one wants well done must be done one's self—and she sent back a message summoning the friar to an audience.

So successful was his suit that she granted personal hearing to Columbus after the surrender.

GRANADA.

"THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR."

"When from Granada's marble halls,
Mosaic courts and fountain falls
The Spaniard drove the Moor, again
To measure back the Midland Main,
In memory of the severed yoke
Navarre her 'Order of the Oak'
Raised for her knightly sons." —*Wiffen.*

"There was weeping in Granada on that eventful day—
One king in triumph entered in, one vanquished rode away;
Down from Alhambra's minarets was every crescent flung,
And the cry of 'Santiago!' through the jewelled palace rung.
And singing, singing, singing,
Were the nightingales of Spain.
But the Moorish monarch lonely,
The cadences heard only.
'They sadly sing,' said he,
'They sadly sing to me.'
And through the groves melodious
He rode toward the sea.

There was joy in old Granada, on that eventful day,

Hall of the Tribunal of Justice, the Alhambra

One king in triumph entered in, one slowly rode
away.
Up the Alcala singing march the gay cavaliers—
Gained was the Moslem empire of twice three
hundred years.
And singing, singing, singing,
Were the nightingales of Spain,
But the Moorish monarch, lonely,
The cadences heard only.
'They sadly sing,' said he,
'They sadly sing to me—
All the birds of Andalusia !'
And he rode toward the sea.

The Verga heaped with flowers below the city
lay,
And faded in the sunset, as he slowly rode
away,
And he paused again a moment amid the
cavaliers,
And saw the golden palace shine through the
midst of tears.
And singing, singing, singing,
Were the nightingales of Spain,
But the Moorish monarch, lonely,
The cadences heard only.
'They sadly sing,' said he,
'They sadly sing to me;
Farewell, O Andalusia!'
And he rode toward the sea.''

—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

We should love to linger here at Granada, fascinating in so many ways. Its fortress, the Alhambra, "the red palace," being unsurpassed as a specimen of Moorish architecture, with its domes and minarets and slender columns and intricate diaper-work, so light and airy as if wrought by fairy fingers, and withal, so very significant, for what might appear to be only elaborate ornamentation is in reality an expression of Moslem faith—for practically the whole Koran is illustrated in the work.

The cathedral, begun in 1529, contains, in the Royal Chapel, the statues and monuments of their Catholic Majesties, and also the tombs of their mad daughter, Juana, and her husband, the bases of which show in relief, the surrender of Boabdil, the "last of the Moors."

The crypt contains the bodies of the sovereigns. The sacristy treasures many souvenirs of them, the vestments worked by Isabella and worn by the cardinal celebrant of the first Mass offered up in the Alhambra, after its conquest; also the crown and scepter of Isabella and the sword of Ferdinand.

He died in Granada, 1516, in the first convent built there. Both he and Isabella, who passed away in 1504, had requested that wherever they might die, their remains should be brought to Granada, for they always considered its conquest to be the "brightest jewel in their crown" —the merits of which occasioned the conferring

Tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, at Granada

upon them of that title, "Their Catholic Majesties" by His Holiness.

But what about Columbus and his discovery of America? Alas, what!

We view his statue in the Alhambra, in the room where his "Privileges" were granted to him finally—the "Privileges" being the contract signed and agreed upon by his sovereigns —but broken by them, alas! again.

"It was fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
The close of the New Year's day,
When the armies of Catholic Ferdinand,
The flower of all the Spanish land,
At the Siege of Granada lay.

Ten thousand foot and ten thousand horse,
And ten thousand men with bows,
Were on the left, and as many more
Had stormed close up to the city's door,
Where the Darro River flows.

And the king held levee, for on that day
Great news had come to court—
How on the morrow the town would yield,
And the flag of Spain with the yellow field
Would float from the Moorish fort.

There were princely nobles and high grandees
That night in the royal tent;
And the beautiful queen with the golden hair,
And shining armor and sword, was there—
On the king's right arm she leant.

It was nine, and the old Alhambra bells
Tolled out on the moonlit air;
And over the battlements far there came
The murmuring sound of Allah's name,
And the Moorish troops at prayer.

'Hark!' said the king, as he heard the sound;
'Hark, hark to yon bell's refrain!—
Five hundred years it has called the Moor,
This night and 'twill call him nevermore;
Tomorrow 'twill ring for Spain!'

Then spake a guest at the king's right hand,
'Tomorrow the end will be;
Hast thou not said when the war is done,
And the Christ's flag floats o'er the Moslem one,
Thou wouldst keep thy promise to me?

Thou wouldst give me ships and give me men
Who would dare to follow me?
Help thou this night with thy royal hand,
And I'll make thee king of a new-found land,
And king of a new-found sea.

For the world is round, and a ship may sail
Straight on with the setting sun,
Beyond Atlantis a thousand miles,
Beyond the peaks of the golden isles,
To the Ophir of Solomon.

So I'll find new roads to the golden isles,
To the gardens that bloom alway,
To the treasure quarries of Ispahan,

The sunlit hills of the mighty Khan,
And wonders of far Cathay.

And gold I'll bring from the islands fair;
And riches of palm and fir
Thou shalt have, my king; and the lords of Spain
Shall march with the Christ flag once again
And rescue the Sepulchre.'

But the nobles smiled, and the prelates sneered
With many a scornful fling:
'Had not the wisest already said
It was but the scheme of an empty head,
And no fit thing for a king!

And were it true that the world is round
And not like an endless plain,
Were our good king's vessels the seas to ride
Adown the slope of the world's great side,
How would they get up again?

And the land of the fabled antipodes
Were a wonderful land to see,
Where people stand with their heads on the ground,
And their feet in the air, while the world spins round'—
And they all laughed merrily.

But the king laughed not, though he scarce believed
The things that his ears had heard;

And he thought full long of the promise fair,
And he knew that the day and the hour were there,
If a king were to keep his word.

So he said, 'For a while, for a little while
Let it bide, for the cost is great.'
But the guest replied: 'Nay, seven years
I have waited on with my hopes and my fears,
And soon it will be too late.' "

—*S. H. M. Byers.*

"He marked the last of Moorish kings,
His keys surrender o'er
To the King of Spain—and leave for aye
Whate'er he'd known before.

For old Granada gained, I ween,
Spain held a jubilee;
The while Columbus mused in thought,
Upon the Western Sea.

Then soon the king and queen he sought,
And prayed at once they'd keep
Their vow, to yield him outfit good
To course the unknown deep.

'And grant,' said he, 'thou sovereigns great,
That admiral I shall be,
Where'er shall sail your goodly ships,
Upon that distant sea.' "

—*Emily Shaw Forman.*

"Ay, there's the rub!" And that was "the rub" also with King John of Portugal. It was not the mere getting of ships, it was the compensation, the rights and privileges which Columbus demanded that rendered the tardy response to his requests.

He knew his worth and the stupendous value of his services and could not brook less than justice. Besides, great as was his project in crossing the ocean, it was hardly second in his heart to that other, though less-known one, of raising an army and freeing the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel.

That was the cause of his desire for gold in the new world—simply as a means to that end.

"O, key of gold, unlocking wealth of dreams!
I dreamed of wealth; yet chiefly to unlock
The Holy Sepulchre from heathen hold.
More have I suffered from the lies of men,
Than all the gain to me my service brought—
Save gain in heaven."

—*George Parsons Lathrop.*

"The Lord had sent this bright, strange dream to me
To mind me of the secret vow I made
When Spain was waging war against the Moor.
I strove myself with Spain against the Moor.
There came two voices from the Sepulchre,
Two friars crying that if Spain should oust

The Moslem from her limits, he, the fierce
Soldan of Egypt, would break down and raze
The blessed tomb of Christ; whereon I vowed
That, if our Princes harkened to my prayer,
Whatever wealth I brought from that new
world
Should, in this old, be consecrate to lead
A new crusade against the Saracen
And free the Holy Sepulchre from thrall."

—Alfred Tennyson.

Ferdinand and Isabella, listening to the counsellors, could not promise compliance to his demands.

All, all, then was for nought—the long, long anguish of hope deferred, "which maketh the heart sick."

"In those furrowed lines,
As on some faithful chart, might still be traced
The weary voyaging of many years;
That restless spirit pent in narrow bounds,
Yet ever looking with unquiet eye
Beyond old land-marks; with unwearied soul
Still searching, prying into the unknown,
And hoarding richer sea-lore, till at last
Possessed and haunted of one grand Belief,
One mighty Thought no wretchedness could lay.

The weary interval—eighteen long years
Wandering from court to court—his Wondrous
Tale

Lost in half-heeding, dull, incredulous ears;
The patient toil—the honorable want
Endured so nobly—in his threadbare coat,
Mocked by the rabble—the half-uttered jeer—
And the pert finger tapping on the head.
May Heaven accord us patience—as to him!"

—Henry Howard Brownell.

He stipulated that his compensation should be: Title as Admiral, to be held by him and his descendants; one-tenth of gold and other accrued outputs of the discovered land, and viceroyalty of it.

Other terms were proposed by the sovereigns, but no, for eighteen years he had waited and hoped, and now he wearily, but undauntedly, turned to try other lands and other realms.

'Twas then that the Grand Chancellor of Aragon, Santangel, appeared before Isabella, and spoke so fearlessly in rebuke, setting forth the loss of glory to the crown, should others accept what she so unwisely refused.

We may then imagine her exclamations:

"'Columbus gone! Haste! Bring him back to me!
Rather I fling my crown into the sea
Than he, rejected, pleading all in vain,
Shake from his pilgrim feet the dust of Spain!

Ah, Ferdinand! the warrior's art you know,
And state-craft, and the subtle, tender show

Of watchfulness that steals a woman's heart!
But there's a nobler science, finer art
Than gallantry, or state-craft: there are fields
Of battle fought with neither sword nor shield,
Where souls heroic bleed invisibly,
And falter not; for down the watchful sky
A whisper bids them onward to the end,
And their own echoes answer, "To the end!"

To such, though to the glory round us shed
Of right divine to rule, they bow the head,
Our lives must seem, with all that they have won,
Like some small planet's transit o'er the sun.
They seek a greater prize than that we see
Where red Alhambra lifts the Hand and Key,
And loftier walls to scale, or batter down,
Than those that o'er the rushing Darro frown.

A visionary, is he? Marked you how
Straight line on line ruled that studious brow?
Guessed you no sovereign text engraven there
'Twixt the wide-swelling temples' silvered hair?
A visionary! No great plan on earth
To which foreseeing minds have given birth
Was e'er accomplished, but some heart of stone
Found it impossible—till it was done!

Bring me my jewels—necklace, clasp and ring,
Bracelets and brooches, every shining thing!
Let not a single pearl roll out of sight

Isabella Pledging Her Jewels
In the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, New York

Brozik

Of all my orient strings of milky light;
Miss not the heads of onyx finely wrought,
Withhold no sun-bright diamond. There's naught
Of cunning gold-work, nor of radiant stone,
Too precious to help pave the path whereon
Beyond the unknown waters, vast and dun,
The Cross shall travel with the westering sun!
Bring my Castilian gems whose wedded shine
Two kingdoms joined their hands to place in mine.
Ah, my strong Castile and my brave Leon!
I brought no lamb in fold to Aragon!' "

—*Mary Agnes Tucker.*

"Then spake the queen: 'Be it done for me.
Here's my jewels, for woe or weal.'
And she took the gems from her shining hair,
And the priceless pearls she was wont to wear,
And she said, 'For my own Castile.' "

—*S. H. M. Byers.*

It is only "poetically" that Isabella pledged her jewels—for that sacrifice was unnecessary, as Santangel himself and other persons of wealth would have advanced the money. It was procured from the Exchequer of Aragon—Ferdinand allowing its loan only. It was repaid by Isabella and her "own Castile," so she in reality provided the funds.

"Riding dejected from the royal court,
In friar's frock, deep-brooding o'er his woes,
A sound of hoofs out of the silence grows.
A steed approaches, what can this import?
A royal messenger dismounts, bends low—
The heart beneath the friar's robe stands still,
He hears the message of the queen's good will,
And turns his rein: with zeal his soul's aglow."

—*Emily Shaw Forman.*

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREAT VOYAGE:

THE SEA OF DARKNESS.

Now again was Friar Juan Perez indispensable to Columbus, for what though he had contract signed and sealed by the sovereigns, and orders for ships to be furnished by Palos town—a penalty for some delinquency in the late war—still what were ships without sailors to man them? And what heart stout enough to undertake that unheard of voyage!

Juan Perez, known and respected by all the fisherfolk, encouraged and aroused many to action.

Two of his friends, worthy seamen, the brothers Martin Alonzo and Vicente Yanez Pinzon, became interested in the undertaking and sailed as captains of the caravels; Martin Alonzo with thirty men, commanded the Pinta, while Vicente Yanez who owned the Nina, "the little one," commanded her.

Here again does the novelist find a rich field for his character setting, and many are the tales of adventure describing that first voyage; among the recent tales, and one that cannot fail to interest the youth, is "Diego Pinzon," by John R. Coryell.

This story differs from others, in that its scene lies upon the "Pinta," and the principal character is Martin Alonzo Pinzon, her brave but overbalanced commander, who could not brook a superior, and who deserted and afterwards strove to rob the great Admiral of his honors. Failure of his attempt caused his ignominious return and death from a broken heart.

Juan de la Cosa, famous now for the chart he made of the new world, owned the Santa Maria, commanded by Columbus, and he sailed in her as pilot.

How inspiringly the poets tell of that stupendous journey!

"The kings had mocked,
The monks sustained him. Hail, Rabida, hail!
Thy cloisters he had paced; thy pathways hard
Yet sweet with lavender and thyme; had gazed
On the azure waves from Palos' promontory;
Listened its meek Superior's words: 'Fear naught!
Beyond that beaming ocean lies *thy* world!
Thou seek'st that world for God's sake, not for man's;
Therefore God grants it thee.' Next morn he sailed:
That holy monk his great Viaticum
Gave him while yet 'twas dark."

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

Columbus Taking Leave of Prior Perez

"Say who, when age on age had rolled away,
And still, as sunk the golden orb of day,
The seamen watched him, while he lingered here,
With many a wish to follow, many a fear,
And gazed and gazed and wondered where he went,
So bright his path, so glorious his descent,
Who first adventured—in his birth obscure,
Yet born to build a fame that should endure,
Who the great secret of the Deep possessed,
And, issuing through the portals of the West,
Fearless, resolved, with every sail unfurled
Planted his standard on the Unknown World?
Him, by the Paynim bard descried of yore,
And 'ere his coming sung on either shore,
Him could not I exalt—by Heaven designed
To lift the veil that covered half mankind!"

—*Samuel Rogers.*

"O Thou! whose mandate dust inert obeyed,
What is this creature man whom Thou hast made?
On Palos' shore, whose crowded strand
Bore priests and nobles of the land,
And rustic hinds and townsmen trim,
And harnessed soldiers stern and grim,
And lowly maids and dames of pride,
And infants by their mothers' side,—
The boldest seaman stood that e'er
Did bark or ship through tempest steer;

And wise as bold and good as wise,
The magnet of a thousand eyes,
That, on his form and features cast,
His noble mien and simple guise,
In wonder seemed to look their last.
A form which conscious worth is gracing,
A face where Hope, the lines effacing
Of thought and care, bestowed in truth,
To the quick eyes' imperfect tracing,
The look and air of youth.

Who, in his lofty gait, and high
Expression of the enlightened eye,
Had recognized, in that bright hour,
The disappointed suppliant of dull power,
Who had in vain of states and kings desired
The pittance for his vast empire required?
The patient sage, who, by his lamp's faint light,
O'er chart and map spent the long silent night?
The man who meekly fortune's buffets bore,
Trusting in One alone, whom Heaven and earth
adore!

Another world is in his mind,
Peopled with creatures of his kind,
With hearts to feel, with minds to soar,
Thoughts to consider and explore;
Souls who might find, from trespass shriven,
Virtue on earth and joy in Heaven.

'That Power divine, whom storms obey,'
(Whispered his heart), 'a leading star,

Will guide him on his blessed way;
Brothers to join by fate divided far.'
Vain thoughts! which Heaven doth but ordain
In part to be, the rest, alas! how vain!"

—*Joanna Baillie.*

"The wind was fair, the ships lay in the bay,
And the blue sky looked down upon the earth;
Prophetic Time laughed toward the nearing
birth
Of the strong child with whom should come a
day
That dulled all earlier hours."

—*Louis James Block.*

"Embarked, and on the sea at last! at last!
The toil of a long life—a Deathless Name,
The undetermined fates of all to come,
Staked on his prow—it is no little thing
Will turn aside that soul, long resolute,
(Though every heart grow faint, and every
tongue
Murmur in mutiny), to hold its course
Onward, still onward, through the pathless void,
The lone untravelled wilderness of waves—
'Onward! still onward! we shall find it yet!' "

—*Henry Howard Brownell.*

"Christ, on these shoulders rest,
While I the billows breast;
My only care,

Christ and His Truth to bear
To shores unknown
Where God is not,
In His own works forgot!
Queen, on thy starry throne,
Cheer, with thine eyes benign,
This lonely quest of mine!"

—*Eliza Allen Starr.*

"Over the wide unknown
  Far to the shores of Ind,
On through the dark alone,
  Like a feather blown by the wind;
Into the West away,
  Sped by the breath of God,
Seeking the clearer day
  Where only His feet have trod:
From the past to the future we sail;
  We slip from the leash of kings.
Hail, Spirit of Freedom—Hail!
  Unfurl thine impalpable wings!
Receive us, protect us, and bless
  Thy knights who brave all for thee.
Though death be thy soft caress,
  By that touch shall our souls be free.
Onward and ever on,
  Till the voice of despair is stilled,
Till the haven of peace is won,
  And the purpose of God fulfilled!"

—*Harriet Monroe.*

"Immortal morn, all hail,
That saw Columbus sail
By Faith alone.
The skies before him bowed,
Back rolled the ocean proud,
And every lifting cloud
With glory shone.

Fair Science then was born
On that celestial morn,
Faith dared the sea;
Triumphant o'er her foes,
Then Truth immortal rose,
New heavens to disclose
And Earth to free.

Strong Freedom then came forth,
To liberate the earth
And crown the right:
So walked the pilot bold
Upon the sea of gold,
And darkness backward rolled,
And there was light.

Sweep, sweep across the seas,
Ye rolling jubilees,
Grand chorals raise;
The world adoring stands,
And with uplifted hands
Offers from all the lands,
To God, its praise.

Ye hosts of Faith, sing on;
The victories ye have won
Shall Time increase,
And like the choral strain
That fell on Bethlehem's plain,
Inspire the perfect reign
Of Love and Peace."

—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

"There were three ships sailing from Palos town
Ere the noon of a summer's day,
And the people looked at the ships and said,
'God pity their souls, for they all are dead;'
But the ships went down the bay.

And an east wind blew, and the convent bells
Rang out in sweet accord,
And the master stood on the deck and cried,
'We sail in the name of the Crucified,
With the flag of the Christ our Lord!'

They were ten days out when a storm wind blew—
Ten days from the coast of Spain,
And the sailors shrived each other and said,
'God help us now, or we all are dead!
We will never see land again.'

They were twelve days out when an ocean rock
Burst forth in a sea of fire,

The Departure of Columbus from Palos

As if each peak and each lava cliff
Of the red-hot sides of Teneriffe
Were a sea-king's funeral-pyre.

And the sailors crossed themselves and said,
'Alas for the day we swore
To follow a reckless adventurer—
Though it be at last to the Sepulchre—
In search of an unknown shore!'

And they spoke of the terror that lay between,
Of the hurricanes born of hell,
Of the sunless seas that forever roar,
Where the moon had perished long years before,
When an evil spirit fell.

And ever the winds blew West, blew West,
And the ships flew over the main.
'They are cursed winds,' the mariners said,
'That blow us forever ahead—ahead;
They will never blow back to Spain.'

But the master cited the Holy Writ;
And he told of a vision fair,
How a shining angel would show the way
To the Indus Isles and the sweet Cathay,
And he 'knew they were almost there.' "

—*S. H. M. Byers.*

"Fiercer eight days the tempest roared and raved:
Feebler each day that God-protected bark,
Shuddering in every plank, and panting, clomb
The mountain waves, or sank to vales betwixt them.

Meantime the great Sea-wanderer lay nigh death
In agonies unnamed: old wounds once more
Bled fast at every joint. At times his head
He raised to learn if stood the masts, or fell;
Then on his pallet sank with hands hard clasped,
Silent. Full oft the mariners o'erspent
Approached him, clamoring, 'Master, give it o'er!
Drift we before the storm to loved Castile!'

Such suppliants still Columbus answered thus
In words unchanged: 'Good news were that for powers
Accursed, who clutch dominion long usurped,
Lording God's western world! They hate the Cross,
And know that when it lands their realm dissolves.
Theirs is this tempest; and therein they ride!'

The eighth eve had come. While hard the sunset strove
To pierce the on-racing clouds, a cry rang out

Re-echoed from those caravels three hard-by—
The cry of men death-doomed."

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

"Palos, thy port, with many a pang resigned,
Filled with its busy scenes his lonely mind;
The solemn march, the vows in concert given,
The bended knees and lifted hand to Heaven,
The incensed rites, the choral harmonies,
The Guardian's blessings mingling with his sighs;
While his dear boys—ah, on his neck they hung,
And long at parting to his garments clung.

Oft in the silent night-watch doubt and fear
Broke in uncertain murmurs on his ear.
Oft the stern Catalan, at noon of day,
Muttered dark threats and lingered to obey."

—*Samuel Rogers.*

"Would all the dolls of Spain
Had been afloat with us the day the fire,
So cunning smothered, burst its way out, pricked
Round him in swords and knives till that old dog,
That in his time scratched a dragon, croaked—
'Cast, cast her, lads; we're in the port of Hell!'

'Twas in mid-ocean. Suddenly the thought
Of home seized on the sailors; like caged beasts

They turned, gap-jawed, and sprang to take
the helm,
And point the little vessel back to shore.

Old Dauntless—stiff, death-stiff with pains—
the same
That plague him now—propped on his crutch,
ghost-pale,
Appeared. The power gray sailors dread worse
Than shoals of devils was on him, crown to heel.
His long face short'ning inches, his great eyes
Straining their sockets—so he came to stand,
To glare to right and left unspeakable wrath,
Till every cur slunk in his kennel, whined
And howled to Heaven for pardon of his
sins....."

—*John Vance Cheney.*

"'My men and brothers, westward lies our
way!'
So spoke Columbus, looking on the sea,
Which stretched before him to infinity;
And while he sailed he wrote these words each
day,

As though, 'West lies thy course,' he heard
God say,
With promise of the blessings which should
be
When a New World had borne young Liberty,
As fair and fresh as flowers in month of May.

O God-appointed man! all hail to thee!
  Thou other Moses of a chosen race,
Who out of darkness and captivity
  Leadest the people from the tyrant's face,
To where all men shall equal be and free,
  And evil life alone shall be disgrace."

—*John Lancaster Spalding.*

"Sail on, Columbus! sail right onward still,
  O'er watery waste of trackless billows sail,
  Nor let a doubting race make thy heart fail
Till a New World upglow beneath thy will.

Let storms break forth and driving winds be shrill;
  But be thou steadfast when all others quail,
  Still looking westward till the night grows pale,
And the long dreamed of land thy glad eyes fill.

Great world-revealer, sail! God leads the way
  Across the gloomy, fathomless dark sea,
Of man unvisited until this day,
  But which henceforth for the whole world shall be
The road to nobler life and wider sway,
  Where tyrants perish and all men are free."

—*John Lancaster Spalding.*

"Steer on, bold sailor. Wit may mock thy soul
that sees the land,
And hopeless at the helm may droop the weak
and weary hand;
Yet ever, ever to the West, for there the coast
must lie,
And dim it dawns and glimmering dawns before
thy reason's eye;
Yea, trust the guiding God, and go along the
floating grave,
Though hid till now, yet now behold the New
World o'er the wave!
With Genius, Nature ever stands in solemn
union still,
And ever what the one foretells the other shall
fulfill."

—*Friedrich von Schiller.*
—*Translated by E. Bulwer Lytton.*

"Heroic guide! whose wings are never furled,
By thee Spain's voyager sought another world;
What but poetic impulse could sustain
That dauntless pilgrim on the dreary main?
Day after day his mariners protest,
And gaze with dread along the pathless West;
Beyond that realm of waves untracked before,
Thy fairy pencil traced the promised shore;
Through weary storms and faction's fiercer
rage,
The scoffs of ingrates and the chills of age,
Thy voice renewed his earnestness of aim,

Columbus on Deck of the *Santa Maria* *Pilotv*

And whispered pledges of eternal fame;
Thy cheering smile atoned for fortune's frown,
And made his fetters garlands of renown."

—*Henry T. Tuckerman.*

"Westward Columbus steered, while, day by day,
On Toscanelli's chart he traced the way
Across the Sea of Darkness, to Cathay.

Sure of his goal where others dimly guessed,
No doubt disturbed him in his certain quest
For the known Orient in the unknown West.

If Asia girds the solid globe around,
With its vast bulk, somewhere its Eastern bound
Beyond the untracked Ocean must be found.

His day-dream this, through all the weary strain
Of hope deferred and succor sought in vain,
The slights of sovereigns and the world's disdain.

No day-dream now; *Santa Maria's* keel
Ploughs the main sea to shores that shall reveal
New realms for Christ, Columbus, and Castile.

There, at his touch, shall India's gates unfold,
As in the tale that Marco Polo told,
The Magi's wealth of spices, gems, and gold.

Himself the lord of all the vast domain,
Viceroy of vassal kingdoms, won for Spain,
Trophies, unmatched, of Isabella's reign.

Then shall his vow be paid, with unsheathed sword,
To lead, beneath the banner of his Lord,
A new crusade against the Moslem horde.

What though his scattered barks are tossed and blown
By every wind that sweeps the storm-girt zone,
And all hearts fail for fear, except his own.

While traitorous lips on each frail caraval
Curse the mad whim which lured, with wizard spell,
To outer darkness and the jaws of Hell;

Fixed as the polar star, above the swarm
Of craven comrades, towers his lofty form,
Steadfast, immovable, in calm and storm.

His boundless faith, like the broad sea he sailed,
Compassed with clouds, with angry blasts assailed,
Was fed by mighty streams which never failed."

—*William Allen Butler.*

" 'Twas night. The moon, o'er the wave, disclosed
Her awful face; and Nature's self reposed;
When, slowly rising in the azure sky,
Three white sails shone—but to no mortal eye,
Entering a boundless sea. In slumber cast,
The very ship-boy, on the dizzy mast,
Half breathed his orisons! Alone unchanged,
Calmly, beneath, the great Commander ranged,
Thoughtful, not sad; and, as the planet grew,
His noble form, wrapt in his mantle blue,
Athwart the deck a deeping shadow threw.
. . . . . .
He turned, but what strange thought perplexed his soul,
The compass, faithless to the Pole,
Fluttered and fixed, fluttered and fixed again!
At length, as by some unseen hand impressed,
It sought with trembling energy—the West!
. . . . . .
A mighty wind,
Not like the fitful blast, with fury blind,
But deep, majestic, in its destined course,
Sprung with unerring, unrelenting force,
From the bright East. Tides duly ebbed and flowed;
Stars rose and set; and new horizons glowed:
Yet still it blew! As with primeval sway
Still did its ample spirit, night and day,
Move on the waters! all, resigned to fate,
Folded their arms and sate; and seemed to wait

Some sudden change; and sought, in chill suspense,
New spheres of being, and new modes of sense,
As men departing, though not doomed to die,
And midway on their passage to eternity.
. . . . . .
'Ah, why look back, tho' all is left behind?
No sounds of life are stirring in the wind.
And you, ye birds, winging your passage home,
How blest ye are! We know not where we roam.
We go,' they cried, 'go to return no more;
Nor ours, alas, the transport to explore
A human footstep on a desert shore!'
. . . . . .
Still, as beyond this mortal life impelled
By some mysterious energy, he held
His everlasting course. Still self-possessed,
High on the deck he stood, disdaining rest;
(His amber chain the only badge he bore,
His mantle blue such as his fathers wore)
Fathomed with searching hand, the dark profound,
And scattered hope and glad assurance round;
. . . . . .
Yet who but he undaunted could explore
A world of waves, a sea without a shore,
Trackless and vast and wild as that revealed
When round the Ark the birds of tempest wheeled;
When all was still in the destroying hour,
No sign of man! No vestige of his power!

One at the stern before the hour-glass stood
As 'twere to count the sands; one o'er the flood
Gazed for St. Elmo; while another cried,
'Once more good morrow!' and sate down and sighed.
Day, when it came, came only with its light.
Though long invoked, 'twas sadder than the night!
Look where he would, forever as he turned,
He met the eye of one that inly mourned."

—*Samuel Rogers.*

"Here am I; for what end God knows, not I;
Westward still points the inexorable soul:
Here am I with no friend but the sad sea,
The beating heart of this great enterprise,
Which, without me, would stiffen in swift death;
This have I mused on, since mine eye could first
Among the stars distinguish and with joy
Rest on that God-fed Pharos of the North,
On some blue promontory of heaven lighted
That juts far out into the upper sea.

The cordage creaks and rattles in the wind,
With whims of sudden hush; the reeling sea
Now thumps like solid rock beneath the stern,
Now leaps with clumsy wrath, strikes short, and, falling
Crumbled to whispery foam, slips rustling down
The broad backs of the waves, which jostle and crowd

To fling themselves upon that unknown shore,
Their used familiar since the dawn of time,
Whither his foredoomed life is guided on
To sway on triumph's hushed, aspiring,
One loitering moment, then break fulfilled.

How lonely is the sea's perpetual swing,
The melancholy wash of perpetual waves,
The sigh of some grim monster undescried,
Fear-painted on the canvas of the dark,
Shifting on his uneasy pillow of brine!

Yet night brings more companions than the day
To this drear waste; new constellations burn,
And fairer stars, with whose calm height my soul
Finds nearer sympathy than with my herd
Of earthen souls, whose vision's scanty ring
Makes me its prisoner to beat my wings
Against the cold bars of their unbelief,
Knowing in vain my own free Heaven beyond.

O God! this world, so crammed with eager life,
That comes and goes and wanders back to silence
Like the idle wind, which yet man's shaping mind
Can make his drudge to swell the longing sails
Of highest endeavor—this mad, unthrift world,
Which, every hour, throws life enough away
To make her deserts kind and hospitable,

Lets her great destinies be waved aside
By smooth, lip-reverent, formal infidels,
Who weigh the God they not believe, with gold,
And find no spot in Judas, save that he,
Driving a duller bargain than he ought,
Saddled his guild with too cheap precedent.

O Faith! if thou art strong, thine opposite
Is mighty also, and the dull fool's sneer
Hath ofttimes shot chill palsy through the arm
Just lifted to achieve its crowning deed,
And made the firm-based heart, that would have
quailed
The rack or fagot, shudder like a leaf
Wrinkled with frost, and loose upon its stem.

. . . . . .

One faith against a whole earth's unbelief.
One soul against the flesh of all mankind.....''

—*James Russell Lowell.*

''On the deck stood Columbus: the ocean's
expanse,
Untried and unlimited, swept by his glance.
'Back to Spain!' cry his men; 'put the vessel
about!
We venture no farther through danger and
doubt.'
'Three days, and I give you a world!' he
replied;
'Bear up, my brave comrades; three days shall
decide.'

He sails—but no token of land is in sight:
He sails—but the day shows no more than the night;
On, onward he sails, while in vain o'er the lee
The lead is plunged down through a fathomless sea.

The pilot, in silence, leans mournfully o'er
The rudder, which creaks 'mid the billowy roar:
He hears the hoarse moan of the spray-driving blast,
And its funeral wail through the shrouds of the mast.

The stars of far Europe have sunk in the skies,
And the great Southern Cross meets his terrified eyes.
But at length the slow dawn, softly streaking the night,
Illumes the blue vault with its faint crimson light.
'Columbus! 'tis day, and the darkness is o'er.'
'Day! and what dost thou see?' 'Sky and ocean. No more.'

The second day's past, and Columbus is sleeping,
While Mutiny near him its vigil is keeping.
'Shall he perish?' 'Ay! death!' is the barbarous cry;
'He must triumph tomorrow, or, perjured, must die!'

Ungrateful and blind! shall the world-linking
sea
He traced for the Future his sepulchre be?
Shall that sea, or the morrow, with pitiless
waves,
Fling his corpse on that shore which his patient
eye craves?
The corpse of an humble adventurer then;
One day later—Columbus, the first among
men!"

—*Delavigne.*

"One day more
These muttering shoalbrains leave to me:
God, let me not in their dull ooze be stranded;
Let not this one frail bark, to hollow which
I have dug out the pith and sinewy heart
Of my aspiring life's fair trunk, be so
Cast up to warp and blacken in the sun,
Just as the opposing wind 'gins whistle off
His cheek-swollen pack, and from the leaning
mast
Fortune's full sail strains forward!

One poor day!
Remember whose and not how short it is!
It is God's day, it is Columbus'.
A lavish day! One day, with life and heart,
Is more than time enough to find a world."

—*James Russell Lowell.*

"Columbus on the lonesome deck
Kept watch at dead of night,
Searching with anxious eyes, the dark—
What sees he far away? A spark,
A little glimmering light."

—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

"Chosen of Men! 'Twas thine, at noon of night,
First from the prow to hail the glimmering light;
(Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray
Enters the soul, and makes the darkness day!)

'Pedro! Rodrigo! there, methought, it shone!
There—in the West! and now, alas, 'tis gone!
'Twas all a dream—we gaze and gaze in vain!
—But mark and speak not, there it comes again!
It moves! what form unseen, what being there
With torch-like luster fires the murky air?
His instincts, passions, say, how like our own?
Oh! when will day reveal a world unknown?' "

—*Samuel Rogers.*

"But hush! he is dreaming! A veil on the main,
At the distant horizon, is parted in twain,
And now on his dreaming eye—rapturous sight!
Fresh bursts the New World from the darkness of night!

O vision of glory, how dazzling it seems!
How glistens the verdure! How sparkle the streams!

How blue the far mountains! how glad the
green isles!
And the earth and the ocean, how dimpled with
smiles!
'Joy! joy!' cries Columbus, 'this region is
mine!'
—Ah! not e'en its name, wondrous dreamer, is
thine!

At length o'er Columbus slow consciousness
breaks—
'Land! land!' cry the sailors; 'land! land!' he
awakes.
He runs—yes! beholds it! it blesses his sight—
The land! O dear spectacle! transport! delight!
O generous sobs, which he cannot restrain!
What will Ferdinand say? and the Future? and
Spain?
He will lay this fair land at the foot of the
throne—
His king will repay all the ills he has known!''

—*Delavigne.*

''Then boomed the *Pinta's* signal gun!
The first that ever broke
The silence of a world. That sound—
Echoing to savage depths profound—
A continent awoke.

Wild joy possessed each sailor's heart
When day revealed a rich

And fruitful island, fair and green,
Where naked savages were seen
  Running along the beach.

The *Santa Maria* moves proudly up,
  And drops her anchor nighest;
And 'Glory to God' the sailors sing,
With 'Glory to God' the wild woods ring—
  'Glory to God in the highest!'

The boat is manned, and toward the land
  Swift fly the flashing oars;
High at the prow the Admiral,
In princely garb, superb and tall,
  Surveys the savage shores.

They touch the strand, he stepped to land,
  And knelt and kissed the sod,
With all his followers. Amazed
Far off the painted redman gazed,
  Believing him a god.

Then up rose he and solemnly,
  With bright sword drawn, advanced
The standard of the King and Queen;
On its rich sheen of gold and green,
  The sunlight glory glanced."

—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

"In robes of scarlet and princely gold,
  On the New World's land they kneel;
In the name of Christ, whom all adore,

They christened the island San Salvador,
For the crown of their own Castile.

And the simple islanders gazed in awe
On the 'gods from another sphere';
And they brought them gifts of the Yuca bread,
And golden trinkets and parrots red,
And showed them the islands near.

They told of the lords of the golden house,
Of the mountains of Cibao;
The cavern where once the moon was born,
The hills that waken the sun at morn,
And the isles where the spices grow."

—*S. H. M. Byers.*

"With wondering awe, the redman saw
The silken cross unfurled.
His task was done; for good or ill,
The fatal banner of Castile
Waved o'er the Western World."

—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

"Long on the deep the mists of morning lay,
Then rose, revealing, as they rolled away,
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirt the shadowy floods;
And say, when all, to holy transports given,
Embraced and wept as at the gates of Heaven,
When one and all of us, repentant, ran,
And on our faces, blessed the wondrous man—

Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies
Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies?
'Glory to God!' unnumbered voices sung,
'Glory to God!' the vales and mountains rung,
Voices that hailed Creation's primal morn
And to the shepherds sung a Savior born.

Slowly, bare-headed, through the surf we bore
The sacred Cross, and, kneeling, kissed the shore.

But what a scene was there! Nymphs of romance,
Youths, graceful as the fawn, with eager glance.
Spring from the glades and down the alleys peep,
Then head-long rush, bounding from steep to steep,
And clap their hands, exclaiming as they run,
'Come and behold the children of the Sun!' ''

—*Samuel Rogers.*

''He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue;
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
And steeled the path of honor to pursue:
So, when by all deserted, still he knew
How best to soothe the heartsick, or confront
Sedition; schooled with equal eye to view
The frowns of grief and the base pangs of want.

But when he saw that promised land arise
In all its rare and beautiful varieties
Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod,
Then softening nature melted in his eyes;
He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God,
And fell upon his face and kissed the virgin sod!"

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

"Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
Of grasping genius, weighed the sea and land;
The floods o'er balanced—where the tide of light,
Day after day, rolled down the gulf of night,
There seemed one waste of waters—long in vain
His spirits brooded o'er the Atlantic main;

When sudden, as creation burst from naught,
Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought,
Light, order, beauty! While his mind explored
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored;
Where'er sublime imagination trod,
He heard the voice, he saw the face, of God.

The winds are prosperous, and the billows bore
The brave adventurer to the promised shore;
Far in the west, arrayed in purple light,
Dawn'd the New World on his enraptured sight:

Not Adam, loosened from the encumbering
earth,—
Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,—
With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
When life within, and light without, he found;
When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,
He seemed to live and breathe throughout the
whole.

So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
At the last look of resolute despair,
The Hesperian Isles, from distance dimly blue,
With gradual beauty opened on his view.

In that proud moment, his transported mind
The morning and the evening worlds combined,
And made the sea, that sundered them before,
A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore."

* * * * *

—*James Montgomery.*

"His hour of eager hope, when through the
night,
On his lone watch, a far-off light
Flashed, like a beacon, on his startled sight.

His hour of triumph, when the air was stirred
With scented breeze and wing of forest bird,
And from aloft the cry of 'Land!' was heard.

But not the land he sought; how strange the lot
By Fortune cast, his one bright page to blot;
He found the New World and he knew it not!

Nor ever knew: the throne of Kubla Khan
Four times he sought and then, beneath the ban
Of failure, died—a broken-hearted man.

The shores he gained were Asia's shores to
him;
His later cup of Fame, filled to the brim,
He tasted not, nor even touched the rim.

But though he walked not in the full-orbed light
Of his own fame, and died without its sight,
Yet was he first in time and first in right—

The great Discoverer—whose soul of flame
Lighted the path for all who ever came
To this New World, which should have borne
his name.

Judge not by what he thought, but what he did,
When, once for all, he rent the veil that hid
The Toltec shrine from Egypt's pyramid,

And entering in, the first of Pioneers,
For all Mankind and all the coming years,
Set face to face the sundered Hemispheres.

Not for Castile and Leon's narrow bound,
Nor for Granada's sovereigns, doubly crowned,
Was the new Western World Columbus found.

Nor for the ancient Empires, crushed and rent
By wars and kingcraft, was his life-work spent
To add another Continent:

Nor yet to plant anew his Latin race,
Whose conquering march, with fire and sword, we trace
From Cuba's capes to Chimborazo's base,

Where Nature's sunlit sky and tropic hue
From distant Spain the bold adventurers drew
To graft the Old World stock upon the New.

Northward, the issue of his work outran
These narrow bounds, to shape the unfolding plan
That to its goal uplifts the race of Man.

In grander realms than Cortez' iron hand
Snatched from the Aztec, or Pizarro's hand
From captive Incas wrung, with sword and brand,

To plant a New World State, full armed to cope
With Old World wrongs and girt with amplest scope
For every human need and human hope.

Where all that Toil has gained, or Truth has taught,
And all the victories won where Freedom fought,
Forever crown the work Columbus wrought.

And if, today, it is our right to claim
The full inheritance of his great fame
And bid the whole World welcome in his name,

Blent with our loftiest note of praise shall soar—
A distant echo from a far-off shore—
His first Te Deum at San Salvador."

—*William Allen Butler.*

"God chose thee out, O man of faith and prayer,
And sent thee o'er the deep—if truth be told.
Neither ambition's greed nor lust of gold
Could make thy heart so confidently dare.
'The boldest steer,' the poet saith, 'but where
Their ports invite.' Yet thou, divinely bold,
Didst little reck what wrathful billows rolled
'Twixt thee and shores imagined—havens fair
Which seemed to lesser minds the veriest 'stuff
That dreams are made of.'

Into the vast unknown
Thou wentest forth—in steadfast hope, alone.
But God was with thee: for thy peace enough,
His breezes served thee; and when seas were dark,
His stars more surely led thy destined bark.

Ay, and for thee a Star shone all the way
Which others would not see—the Queen of Stars;
Brighter than Venus, Jupiter and Mars
In one; and clearest 'mid the blaze of day:
The Ocean Star, whose sweetly constant ray

Smiled calmness on a brow no petty jars
Could vex—a brow where pain had printed scars
Which told of vanquished self through years of fray.
Thy soul, uplifted ever to the light
Of that true Guide whose name thy vessel bore,
Took her for pilot. Morning, noon and night,
To her thine 'Aves' rose: and more and more
Thy trust increased, the sullen crew despite—
Their menace deadlier than the tempest's roar."

—*Benjamin D. Hill, C. P.*

"A fertile continent thou gav'st mankind,
Which only lay in lonely idleness;
Through sufferings terrible, and great distress
This was accomplished; for thy noble mind
And faith excelled all others—thou stood'st alone.
But thou didst know thyself—as now thou'rt known—
And thou didst prove thy disbelievers blind.

Immortal man, the world yet owes to thee
A tribute for thy hardships and thy pain;
Thy misery proved in truth to be its gain,
Thy woes have given to it prosperity.
Four centuries have praised thy lofty name,
And ages yet to come will keep thy fame,
And glory in thy deathless memory."

—*Albert J. Rupp.*

"What no man saw he saw; he heard what no
man heard.
In answer he compelled the sea
To eager man to tell
The secret she had kept so well!
Left blood and guilt and tyranny behind
Sailing still West the hidden shore to find;
For all mankind that unstained scroll unfurled,
Where God might write anew the story of the
World."

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

"How in God's name did Columbus get over
Is a pure wonder to me, I protest,
Cabot, and Raleigh, too, that well-bred rover,
Frobisher, Dampier, Drake, and the rest.
Bad enough all the same,
For them that after came,
But, in great heaven's name,
How *he* should ever think
That on the other brink
Of this wild waste, *terra firma* should be
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

How a man ever should hope to get thither,
E'en if he knew that there was another side,
But to suppose he should come any whither,
Sailing straight on into chaos untried,
In spite of the motion
Across the whole ocean,
To stick to the notion

That in some nook or bend
Of a sea without end
He should find North and South America,
Was a pure madness, indeed, I must say, to me.

What if wise men had, as far back as Ptolemy,
  Judged that the earth like an orange was round,
None of them ever said, 'Come along, follow me,
  Sail to the West, and the East will be found.'
Many a day before
Ever they'd come ashore,
From the 'San Salvador,'
Sadder and wiser men
They'd have turned back again;
And that *he* did not, but did cross the sea,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me."

—*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

"Who doubts has met defeat ere blows can fall;
Who doubts must die with no palm in his hand;
Who doubts shall never be of that high band
Which clearly answers 'Present!' to Death's call.
For Faith is life, and, though a funeral pall
Veil our fair Hope, and on our promised land
A mist malignant hang, if Faith but stand
Among our ruins, we shall conquer all.
O faithful soul, that knew no doubting low;
O Faith incarnate, lit by Hope's strong flame,

And led by Faith's own cross to dare all ill
And find our world!—but more than this we owe
To thy true heart; thy pure and glorious name
Is one clear trumpet call to Faith and Will."

—*Maurice Francis Egan.*

"From isle to island the ships flew on,
Like white birds on the main,
Till the master said, 'With my flags unfurled,
I have opened the gates of another world.
I will carry the news to Spain.'

It was seven months since at Palos town
Ere the noon of that summer's day,
The good ships sailed, with their flags unfurled,
In search of another and far-off world—
And again they are in the bay."

—*S. H. M. Byers.*

CHAPTER V.

THE SMILE OF A KING:

BARCELONA.

"Back to my time, O listener, turn with me,
And hear of islands all unknown to thee!
Islands whereof the grand discovery
Chanced in this year of fourteen ninety-three;
One Christopher Colombo, whose resort
Was ever in the King Fernando's court,
Bent himself still to rouse and stimulate
The king to swell the borders of his State."

—*Giuliano Dati.*

"To the invincible king of the Spains:
Less wide to the world than the renown of
Spain,
To swell her triumps no new lands remain!
Rejoice, Iberia! See thy fame increase!
Another world Columbus from the east
And the mid-ocean summons to thy way!
Give thanks to him; but loftier homage pay
To God Supreme, who gives its realms to thee!
Greatest of monarchs, first of servants be."

—*Leonardo de Carminis.*

TO THE MOST INVINCIBLE KING OF SPAIN.

"No region now can add to Spain's great deeds:
To such men all the world is yet too small.
An Orient land, found far beyond the waves,
Will add, great Betica, to thy renown.
Then to Columbus, the true finder, give
Due thanks; but greater still to God on high,
Who makes new kingdoms for Himself and thee:
Both firm and pious let thy conduct be."

—*R. L. Corbaria.*

"The drear, chill gray of dawning day
Dies in a golden glow,
And merrily on the dancing sea
The rippling sunbeams flow;
And they glance and glint, in many a tint,
Over minaret and tower,
Where the lofty cross shows Paynim's loss
And the wane of Moslem power.
And waving high in the brightening sky,
Floating o'er town and sea,
And gleaming bright in the morning light,
Spain's flag flaunts haughtily."

Front-de-Boeuf.

"That was a glorious day
That dawned on Barcelona. Banners filled
The thronging towers, the old bell rung, and blast
Of lordly trumpets seemed to reach the sky

Cerulean. All Spain had gathered there,
And waited there his coming; Castilian knights,
Gay cavaliers, hidalgos young, and e'en the old
Puissant grandees of far Aragon
With glittering mail, and waving plumes, and all
The peasant multitude with bannerets
And charms and flowers.

Beneath pavilions
Of brocades of gold, the Court had met.
The dual crowns of Leon old and proud Castile
There waited him, the peasant mariner.

The trumpets waited
Near the open gates; the minstrels young and fair
Upon the tapestried and arrased walls,
And everywhere from all the happy provinces the wandering troubadours.

Afar was heard
A cry, a long acclaim. Afar was seen
A proud and stately steed with nodding plumes,
Bridled with gold, whose rider stately rode,
And still afar a long and sinuous train
Of silvery cavaliers. A shout arose,
And all the city, all the vales and hills,
With silver trumpets rung."

—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

"Who passes through the antique street
  Worshiped by all around?
Whom do the thousand voices greet
  That to the heavens resound?
Proud is the flash of his dark eye,
Yet tempered with humility;
The softened radiance, high yet meek,
That doth the Christian soul bespeak;
Proud is his heaving bosom's swell,
And proud his seat in velvet selle;
His very courser paws the earth
As conscious of his master's worth."

—*Front-de-Boeuf.*

"A thousand trumpets ring within old Barcelona's walls,
A thousand gallant nobles throng in Barcelona's halls,
All met to gaze on him who wrought a pathway for mankind,
Through seas as broad, to worlds as rich as his triumphant mind;
And King and Queen will grace forsooth the mariner's array.

The lonely seaman, scoffed and scorned in Palos town one day,
He comes, he comes! The gates swing wide, and through the streets advance
His cavalcade in proud parade, with plume and pennoned lance,

And natives of those new-found worlds, and
treasures all untold—
And in their midst the Admiral, his charger
trapped with gold;

And all with joy are wild, and blithe the glad-
some clarions swell,
And dames and princes press to greet, and loud
the myriads yell.
They cheer, that mob, they wildly cheer—Co-
lumbus checks his rein,
And bends him to the beauteous dames and
cavaliers of Spain."

"He came, the Genoese,
With reverent look and calm and lofty mien,
And saw the wondering eyes and heard the
cries
And trumpet peals, as one who followed still
Some Guide unseen.

Before his steed
Crowned Indians marched with lowly faces,
And wondered at the new world that they saw;
Gay parrots shouted from their gold-bound
arms,
And from their crests swept airy plumes.

The sun
Shone full in splendor on the scene, and here
The old and new world met. But—
Hark! the heralds!

How they thrill all hearts and fill all eyes with
tears!
The very air seems throbbing with delight;
Hark! hark! they cry, in chorus all they cry:
'A Castilla y á Leon, á Castilla y á Leon,
Nuevo mundo dio Colon!'

Every heart now beats with his,
The stately rider on whose calm face shines
A heaven-born inspiration. Still the shout:
'Nuevo mundo dio Colon!' how it rings!
From wall to wall, from knights and cavaliers,
And from the multitudinous throngs,
A mighty chorus of the vales and hills!
'A Castilla y á Leon!' ''

—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

"And now his arméd heel loud rings
Through a high, carved hall,
Where blazoned shields of queens and kings
Hang fluttering on the wall.
Around, the noblest of the land
In deepest awe uncovered stand:
Princes whose proud sires had well
Upheld the cross with Charles Martel;
And knights whose scutcheons flashed amid
The fiercest fight where blazed the Cid;
Soldiers who by their sovereign's side
Hurled back in blood the seething tide
Of Moslem war; and churchmen sage,
The men that smoothed that iron age.

And all alone 'mid that bright throng,
His voice arises clear and strong.
He stands before a throne; even now
His dark plume waves above his brow,
As he, of all the courtier train,
Rivaled the majesty of Spain.
Fortune like this, what cloud can mar?
He stands—a cloudless, risen star."

—*Front-de-Boeuf.*

"He told his tale:
The untried deep, the green Sargosso Sea,
The varying compass, the affrighted crews,
The hymn they sung on every doubtful eve,
The sweet hymn to the Virgin.

How there came
The land birds singing, and the drifting weeds,
How broke the morn on fair San Salvador,
How the *Te Deum* on that isle was sung
And how the cross was lifted in the name
Of Leon and Castile."

—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

"From the accomplished triumph here am I!
I have no triumph to report, my Queen;
No mere achievement; yet a truth so strange
That Indies sink to insignificance—
Though the significance were Indies' still!
I have come through some tempests of the soul
More vast than ocean-thunders; and have seen
In Storm-burst vision of vitality

New-born to earth but by the wreck of all
Which hitherto hath held us: you, my queen,
God and our empire all within that wreck
Concluded, victims of that visioning.

* * * * *

Nay, hearken me!
The seas have heard me, and I speak their voice!—
Here are these Indies newly at your feet
Laid for the glory of your faith and mine.
They shall be vast and great; and on their wealth
Spain's resources be upbuilded many years."

—Reginald C. Robbins.

"And then he turned
His face towards heaven. 'O Queen! O Queen!
There kingdoms wait the triumphs of the cross!'

Then Isabella rose,
With face illumed: then overcome with joy
She sank upon her knees, and king and court
And nobles rose and knelt beside her,
And followed them the sobbing multitude;

Then came a burst of joy, a chorus grand,
And mighty antiphon——
'We praise thee, Lord, and, Lord, acknowledge thee,
And give thee glory! Holy! Holy! Holy!' "

—Hezekiah Butterworth.

"I saw your face that morning in the crowd
At Barcelona—tho' you were not then
So bearded. Yes. The city decked herself
To meet me, roared my name; the king, the queen,
Bade me be seated, speak, and tell them all
The story of my voyage, and while I spoke
The crowd's roar fell as at the 'Peace, be still!'

And when I ceased to speak, the king, the queen,
Sank from their thrones, and melted into tears,
And knelt, and lifted hand and heart and voice
In praise to God who led me thro' the waste;
And then the great 'Laudamus' rose to heaven."

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

"The twilight roses bloomed
In the far skies o'er Barcelona.
The gentle Indians came and stood before
The throne, and smiled the queen, and said,
'I see my gems again.'"

—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

"Twelve months have passed, and the king again
Holds levee with all his train,
And Columbus sits at the king's right hand,
And whether on sea or upon the land,
Is the greatest man in Spain.

And the queen has honored him most of all,
She has taken him by the hand,
'Don Christopher thou shalt be called away';
And a golden cross on his heart there lay,
And over his breast a band.

And ships she gave, and a thousand men,
With nobles and knights in train;
And again the convent bells they rung,
And the praise of his name was on every tongue,
As he sailed for the West again.

To the thousand isles and far-away
In the heats of the torrid zone,
To gardens fair as Hesperides,
To spice-grown forests, and scented seas,
Where no sails had ever blown.

And up and down by the New World's coast,
And over the western main,
With but the arms of his own true word,
He lifted the flag of the Blessed Lord
And the flag of the land of Spain.

And he gave them all to the king and queen,
And riches of things untold,
And never a ship that crossed the sea
But brought them tokens from fruit and tree
And gems from the land of gold.

Three times he had sailed to his new-found
world,
Five times he had crossed the main,
When walking once by the sea he heard,—
By secret letter or secret word,—
Of a murderous plot in Spain.

How that envious persons about the court
Had poisoned the mind of the king,
By many a letter of false report,
By base suspicion of evil sort,
And words of a traitorous sting.

And the king, half eager to hear the worst,—
For he never had been a friend,—
Believed it all, and he rued the hour
He gave to the master rank and power,
And resolved it should have an end.

So with cold pretense of the truth to hear,
And with heart that was false as base,
A ship was hurried across the main,
With Boabdilla, false knight of Spain,
To take the admiral's place.

O that kings should ever unkingly be!
O that men should ever forget!
For that fatal hour the false knight came,
To the king's disgrace and the great world's
shame,
The star of Columbus set.

They took the queen's cross from off his breast,
And chains they gave him instead;
And iron gyves on his wrists they put,
Vile fetters framed for each hand and foot,
' 'Twere better they'd left him dead.' "

—*S. H. M. Byers.*

"Once more 'tis the mid-hour of night;
Once more the storm beats high;
But now it hurls its fearful might
Along the cloud-frought sky
Which spans the drear Atlantic's waste
All whitened with wild foam,
That cleaves the air, as sea-birds haste
At even to their home.
But even there, where Nature's power
Laughs puny man to scorn,
Man lords it for his little hour
O'er fellowman forlorn.
Within a vessel's creaking sides
A chainéd prisoner sits,—
Drooped, weary, careless what betides
His tired soul, ere it flits
Far from a world where gratitude
Yields ever to the selfish brood
That gold and thirst for honor bring
To breast of peasant and of king.
What now avails the world he gave
To thankless Spain? It cannot save
From slavish chains its whilom lord,

Nor shield him from the hatred poured
O'er his bowed head by those who late
But formed the puppets of his state."

Front-de-Boeuf.

"For he who was first of the new-found world
And bravest upon the main,
Who had found the isles of the fabled gold,
And the far-off lands that his faith foretold
Was dragged like a felon to Spain.

But the whole world heard the clank of his chains
When he landed in Cadiz bay,
And fearing the taunt and the curse and scoff,
The false king hurried to take them off
At the pier where the old ship lay."

—*S. H. M. Byers.*

Columbus in Chains

[illegible] Spanish sculptors, is a [illegible] presented by Gabriel Millet to th[illegible] Económica of Havana in 1881. It pictures Columbus at the age of 60 years, and represents the great navigator in chains, on his way to Spain

CHAPTER VI.

IGNOMINY AND DEATH:

VALLALODID.

"Are these the honors they reserve for me,
Chains for the man who gave new worlds to Spain!
Rest here, my swelling heart!—O kings, O queens,
Patrons of monsters and their progeny,
Authors of wrong, and slaves to fortune merely!
Why was I seated by my prince's side,
Honor'd, caress'd like some first peer of Spain?
Was it that I might fall most suddenly
From honor's summit to the sink of scandal?

* * * * *

Whoe'er that art that shalt aspire to honor,
And on the strength and vigor of the mind
Vainly depending, court a monarch's favor,
Pointing the way to vast extended empire:—
First count your pay to be ingratitude,
Then chains and prisons, and disgrace like mine!
Each wretched pilot now shall spread his sails
And treading in my footsteps, hail new worlds,
Which, but for me, had still been empty visions."

—Philip Freneau.

"And was it all for this—
To see his fondest hopes belied,
His name reviled, his every prayer denied,
Himself an outcast from his new-found home,
His glory's meed a traitor's shameful doom.

Such are the thoughts (might skill of mine presume
To read aright that sullen brow of gloom),
The musings such of anguish and unrest
That vex the captive Hero's fevered breast;
Pressed through the lips, though pride enchain the tongue,
Words burn, wherein to speak the spirit's wrong:

'Darkly, Oh, darkly lowers the coming night;
From leaden skies fast fades the quivering light
Whose faithless dawn but now allured me on
To glorious deeds which cannot be undone.
Woe worth my country, since the sons of Spain
Guerdon Columbus with the felon's chain.
Woe worth the unequal law that matched in strife
The rival forces that divide our life,
Where love and hate alternate, good and ill,
Control the drift of man's ignoble will.
And what is man? Vile creature of a day,
Degenerate mass of animated clay,
Cursed with a soul that shall not, cannot die,

Heir of a hopeless immortality?
Avaunt thee, Fiend. Wild pangs my bosom tear,
Reels my sick brain all maddening with despair,
No kindly spell the agony to calm,
In heaven no ray, on earth no soothing balm.

To thee, Blest Maid, I turn. When dark and drear
Fortune frowned on me, thou wast ever near,
With smile undimmed, with soft unclouded brow,
Mother of God, thou wilt not leave me now?
And one there is, one mild angelic form,
Seen through the mist-wreaths of the gathering storm;
A child of earth, of more than queenly grace,
More than a queen, though sprung of queenly race;
Her thought shall woo my angry tongue to bless
When it would curse men for their heartlessness.'

Dwells there a mystic spell, a power unseen
Shrined in the memory of that saintly queen?
Or deigns the Virgin list her suppliant's prayer,
And lull to sleep the ravings of despair?

Lost in the dreams of earlier, happier hours
He roams once more through Genoa's myrtle bowers;

Again he sports beneath the cypress shade,
Treads the dark grove, or high-arched colonnade,
Or rifles Nature's store for each bright gem
That helps to wreathe his flowery diadem,
Or, prescient of the future, loves to guide
His mimic pinnace o'er the lashing tide,
Scanning even then with boyhood's eager glance
The rolling Ocean's infinite expanse;
No ministrel lay, no music half so dear
As the loud breakers to his listening ear."

—Henry Nutcombe Oxenham, M. A.

"And next (O sad and shameful sight!) exposed
On the high deck of returning bark
(Returning from that land so lately found!)
A spectacle! those aged, honored limbs
Gyved like a felon's, while the hooting crowd
Sent curses in her wake.
But when arrived,
Again exalted, favored of the crown,
And courted by the noblest—who forgets,
With his gray hairs, uncovered, how he knelt
Before his royal mistress, (that great heart
Nor insult, nor disgrace, nor chains could move,
O'ercome with kindness,) weeping like a child!"

—Henry Howard Brownell.

"But little it helped, nor the king's false smile
As he sat in his robes of state;
For wrong is wrong, if in hut or hall,
And the right were as well not done at all,
If done, alas! too late.

And little it helped if here and there
The mantle of favor stole
Across his shoulders to hide the stain
Of a broken heart or a broken chain—
They had burned too deep in his soul.

So the years crept by, and the cold neglect
Of kings that will come the while;—
Forever and ever 'tis still the same —
Short-lived's the glory of him whose fame
Depends on a prince's smile.

And long he thought, could he see the queen,
Could he speak with her face to face,
She would know the truth and would be again
What once she was ere his hopes were slain;
And he sighed in his lonely place.

And on a day when he seemed forgot,
And darker the fates, and grim,
A letter came, 'twas the queen's command,
'Come straight to court,' in her own fair hand,—
'And she would be true to him.'

And alas for man, and alas for queen,
And alas for hopes so sped!
He had only come to the castle gate
When the warder said, 'It is late—too late,
For the queen she is lying dead.'

Gone is his kindly mistress—laid
To sleep among Spain's royal dead.
Dead is her smile, her beaming gaze
So full of hope when darkening days
Hung o'er the crown she wore so well;
Yea, dead is queenly Isabel!
And where are now the crowds that hung
Upon his steps when every tongue
Shouted his praise? The station high
Above all Spain's plumed chivalry?
The high commands? Away! each thought
With saddening memory so deep frought!
Call not pale flashes from afar
To mock with light a fallen star!
The past is dead, the future read,—
Ay! see a broken, moss-grown stone,
And on it view a kingly meed
Of thanks to genius shown—
Ay! trace o'er that forgotten grave:—
'Another world Columbus gave
To Castile and Leon.' "
—*Front-de-Boeuf.*

"'Tis midnight; through the lozenge panes
Flashes a southern storm;
And the lightning flings its livid stains

O'er a bowed and wearied form.
He stands, like a ship once stanch and stout
By billows too long opprest;
And a fiercer storm than whirls without
Tears through his heaving breast.
His hand is pressed on his aching brow,
And veils his eyes' dark light,
And a twinkling cresset's dim red glow,
When the lightning pales, doth sadly flow
O'er locks where many a thread of snow
Tells of Time's troubled flight.
He stands—a fading, clouded star,
Half-hid in the rack of heaven's war;
Or, like a vanquished warrior, one
Whose heart is crushed, whose hopes are gone
After many a gallant fight.

He turns and he paces the damp stone floor,
And his glance seeks the damper wall
Where the charts, o'er which he loved to pore,
Like arras rise and fall.
There is his heart's most cherished store,
There lie the fruits of his deepest lore,
And his lips, as he views them o'er,
His withered life recall:

'And was it all a dream?
Is this the bitter waking?
And is hope's heavenly beam
For aye my soul forsaking?
I thought to see the cross unfurled

Upon the hills of a far-off world!
To bear the faith of the Crucified
Far o'er the wild Atlantic's tide!
To see adored the Christian God
Where Christian foot hath never trod!
Sure brighter dreams from heaven ne'er fell—
And I wake in this cold, dim cell!

And were they, too, but dreams—
Those lands far in the West,
Where robed in sunset beams
The Seven Cities rest?
Far, far beyond the blue Azores,
I thought to press the ocean's shores;
The heaving, restless main to span,
And give—and give—a world to man!
A new-born world of vernal skies
Fresh with the breath of paradise—
A world that yet would place my name
The foremost on the scroll of fame.
And now I wake, poor, friendless, lone,
Amid these dripping walls of stone.

And was it but a dream
I left fair Italy?
To chase the churchyard gleam
Of false expectancy—
That light which, like the swamp's pale glare,
Lures but to darkness and despair?
To crush the visions youth built up?
Drink to its poisoned dregs the cup

Of hope deferred and trust misplaced?
To feel heart shrink and body waste?
And still like drowning wretch to cry,
'One more effort and I die!' "

—*Front-de-Boeuf.*

"Chains, my good lord: in your raised brows I
read
Some wonder at our chamber ornaments.
We brought this iron from our isles of gold.
Does the king know you deign to visit him
Whom once he rose from off his throne to greet
Before his people, like a brother king?

* * * * *

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean! chains
For him who gave a new heaven, a new earth,
As holy John had prophesied of me,
Gave glory and more empire to the kings
Of Spain than all their battles! chains for him
Who pushed his prows into the setting sun,
And made West East, and sailed the Dragon's
mouth,
And came upon the Mountain of the World,
And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!

Chains! we are Admirals of the Ocean, we,
We and our sons forever. Ferdinand
Hath signed it and our holy Catholic queen;
Of the Ocean—of the Indies—Admirals we—
Our title, which we never mean to yield,
Our guerdon not alone for what we did,

But our amends for what we might have done—
The vast occasion of our stronger life—
Eighteen long years of waste, seven in your Spain,
Lost, showing courts and kings a truth the babe
Will suck in with his mother's milk hereafter—earth
A sphere.

* * * * *

Gold? I had brought your Princes gold enough
If left alone! Being but a Genoese,
I am handled worse than had I been a Moor,
And breached the belting wall of Cambalu,
And given the Great Khan's palaces to the Moor,
Or clutch'd the sacred crown of Prester John,
And cast it to the Moor: but had I brought
From Solomon's now-recover'd Ophir all
The gold that Solomon's navies carried home,
Would that have gilded me? Blue blood of Spain,—
Tho' quartering your own royal arms of Spain—
I have not; blue blood and black blood of Spain,
The noble and the convict of Castile,
Howl'd me from Hispaniola; for you know
The flies at home, that ever swarm about
And cloud the highest heads, and murmur down

Truth in the distance—these out-buzz'd me
so
That even our prudent king, our righteous
queen—
I pray'd them being so calumniated
They would commission one of weight and
worth
To judge between my slandered self and me—

Fonseca my main enemy at their court,
They sent me out his tool, Bovadilla, one
As ignorant and impolitic as a beast—
Blockish irreverence, brainless breed—who
sacked
My dwelling, seized upon my papers, loosed
My captives, freed the rebels of the crown,
Sold the crown-farms for all but nothing, gave
All but free leave to work the mines,
Drove me and my good brothers home in
chains,
And gathering ruthless gold—a single piece
Weighed nigh four thousand Castillanos—so
They tell me—weighed him down into the
abyss—

The hurricane of the latitude on him fell,
The seas of our discovering over-rolled
Him and his gold! the frailer caravel,
With what was mine, came happily to the shore.
There was the glimmering of God's hand!

And God
Hath more than glimmered on me. O my lord,
I swear to you I heard His voice between
The thunders in the black Veraguan nights:
'O soul of little faith, slow to believe!
Have I not been about thee from thy birth?
Given thee keys of the great Ocean sea?
Set thee in light till Time shall be no more?
Is it I who have deceived thee—or the world?
Endure! thou hast done so well for men, that men
Cry out against thee: was it otherwise
With Mine own Son?'

And more than once in days
Of doubt and cloud and storm, when drowning hope
Sank all but out of sight, I heard His voice:
'Be not cast down. I lead thee by the hand,
Fear not.' And I shall hear His voice again—
I know that He has led me all my life,
I am not yet too old to work His will—
His voice again.

Still for all that, my Lord,
I lying here, bed-ridden and alone,
Cast off, put by, scouted by court and king—
The first discoverer starves—his followers, all
Flower into fortunes—our world's way—and I,
Without roof that I can call mine own,
With scarce a coin to buy a meal withal,

And seeing what a door for scoundrel scum
I opened to the West, thro' which the lust,
  Villainy, violence, avarice, of your Spain
Poured in on all those happy naked isles—
Their kindly native princes slain or slaved,
  Their wives and children Spanish concubines,
Their innocent hospitalities quenched in blood,
Some dead of hunger, some beneath the
    scourge,
Some over-labored, some by their own hands,—
Yea, the dear mothers, crazing Nature, kill
Their babies at the breast, for hate of Spain—

Ah, God, the harmless people whom we found
In Hispaniola's island—paradise!
Who took us for the very gods from heaven,
And we have sent them very fiends from Hell;
  And I myself, myself not blameless, I
Could sometimes wish I had never led the way.

Only the ghost of our great Catholic Queen
Smiles on me, saying, 'Be thou comforted!
This creedless people will be brought to Christ
And own the holy governance of Rome.'

But who could dream that we, who bore the
    Cross
Thither were excommunicated there,
For curbing crimes that scandalized the Cross,
  By him, the Catalonian Minorite,
Rome's Vicar in our Indies? Who believe

These hard memorials of our truth to Spain
Clung closer to us for a longer term
Than any friend of ours at Court? and yet
Pardon—too harsh, unjust. I am racked with pains.

You see that I have hung them by my bed,
And I will have them buried in my grave.
Sir, in that flight of ages which are God's
Own voice to justify the dead—perchance
Spain, once the most chivalric race on earth,
Spain the mightiest, wealthiest realm on earth,
So made by me—may seek to unbury me,
To lay me in some shrine of this old Spain,
Or in that vaster Spain I leave to Spain.
Then some one standing by my grave will say,
'Behold the bones of Christopher Colon'—
'Ay, but the chains, what do they mean—the chains?'—

I sorrow for that kindly child of Spain
Who then will have to answer, 'These same chains
Bound these same bones thro' the Atlantic sea,
Which he unchained for all the world to come.'

O Queen of Heaven who seest the souls in Hell
And purgatory, I suffer all as much
As they do—for the moment. Stay, my son
Is here anon : my son will speak for me
Abler than I can in these spasms that grind

Bone against bone. You will not. One last word.
You move about the Court, I pray you tell
King Ferdinand who plays with me, that one,
Whole life has been no play with him and his Hidalgos—shipwrecks, fevers, famines, fights,
Mutinies, treacheries—winked at and condoned—
That I am loyal to him till the death,
And ready—tho' our Holy Catholic Queen,
Who fain had pledged her jewels on my first voyage,
Whose hope was mine to spread the Catholic faith,
Who wept with me when I returned in chains,
Who sits beside the Blessed Virgin now,
To whom I send my prayer by night and day—
She is gone—but you will tell the king, that I,
Racked as I am with gout, with pains
Gain'd in the service of His Highness, yet
Am ready to sail forth on one last voyage,
And readier, if the king would hear, to lead
One last Crusade against the Saracen,
And save the Holy Sepulchre from thrall.

Going? I am old and slighted: you have dared
Somewhat perhaps in coming? My poor thanks!
I am but an alien and a Genoese."

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Columbus :

"Diego, pain in this old body, pain
In this old heart : I feel the shadow, boy.
Stayed by the thought your uncle would bring back
A message such as once became a queen,
The promised restitution of my honors
If not of my estates,—assurance, son,
Virtue yet holds her high place in the earth ;—
Stayed by this thought, I say, I would not yield
To fierce disease, mine old-time enemy,
But did defy him hourly, yet once more
Did vow to serve my country and my God.

'Tis vain ; I wait not for my brother now,
But abide my hour, here, at the charitable inn.

There is that I must speak before I go,
For in the last lift of the flame of life
My labors front me, standing plainly forth :
I have outlived my time, outliving her
I served. The royal pledge—what is it now ?
The lofty word of kings differs no whit
From breath of common men. I am forgot.
Ay, after years two-score of soldier's toil
In thick of dangers such as few men face,
Forgot, forgot."

Diego :

"Good father, be at peace.

Let us not talk of it. Your wisdom, worth,
Your loyal life, believe, 'tis all writ here,
So charactered no little word shall fade."

Columbus:

"And one of all the world will think on me
As I have been, untaught of monarchs what
His father was! My son, I love you well;
Now let the will that has been first so long
Be leader still. Good boy, I must say on.
Diego, know even in my foolish youth
I had what of the earth and chary stars
Pavia knew.

Ay, there be more than tongues of land and sea,
More than the noblest utterances of man.
A light gleamed, once, upon a distant shore,
A light struck from the deep, the solemn dark;
'Twas then first spake the voice from out the vast:—
'Blessed, blessed is he that brings the light
To them that knew it not.'

Again, 'mid winds
That made the sea a plaything, that did twist
The rock in his strong place, I heard it:—

'Peace!
Comfort thy sailor's soul. What did He more
For Moses, for His servant David? Lo,
Thou dost possess the gateway of the seas.'

Remember this : despite the press of toil,
Your father fasted, prayed, slighted no rite
Men leave to quiet of the pious cell.
As he, that fierce old sailor of our blood
Who loved the sea and put him in her care
To sail against the infidel, and spread
Abroad our holy faith,—so have I served ;
Yet better, since with firm and reverent rule,
Mindful always of Him.
    Therefore have signs been set for me, for me
As for the holy men of old. The last—
Of that no ear has heard. You were scarce gone
When suddenly my pain did cease, and straight
The old voice said,—
    'Thou thinkest to have found
A western ocean way far as to Ind ;
Through yonder spaces mark what thou dost see.'

My eyes grew fast upon the great new scene,
The gleaming land and them that walked therein.
So bright and sure this people stood, I cried,—
'Oh, that I might increase my day, my hour,
My little hour, unto the summertide
Of God's long purpose ; when His patient thought,
Run on to ripeness, shall have wrought the man
Well out—the blossom of the prophecies,

The bloom and coronation of my kind!'
'Hail, masters, masters of the world!' I cried,
And all the pain and want here in the inn,
Cannot plot out that service.
I have helped
To weld the wide ends of the earth, to bind
Her scattered lands and peoples in the bond
Of our most holy church. And, lastly, now
Have I made you mine heir, enjoining on you
The disposition of my revenues—
(For I abate no jot my princely claim);
Have charged you to build altars, and to seek,
As faith should seek it, up and down the seas,
The rescue of the Holy Sepulchre;
And bade you aid all them that are our kin,
And to a farthing to discharge my debts:
So shall I not fall dumb, but answer on,
To worst the cavil of a thankless world.

Boy, I have said; 'tis for your filial heart.
My pains come harder. Close, bend closer—so,
The while I fix my fading thought on Him.
My sense begins to shut. The brave light
fades,
Fades. Farewell, my son; farewell, good
earth;
Farewell, all, all. Father, into Thy hand
I yield my soul. Now, with a sailor's trust,
For the last voyage. Stand to sea—to sea."

—*John Vance Cheney.*

"A battered, wrecked old man,
Thrown on this savage shore, far, far, from home,
Pent by the sea and dark rebellious brows....
My terminus near,
The clouds already closing in upon me,
The voyage balk'd, the course disputed, lost,
I yield my ships to Thee....
Is it the Prophet's thought I speak, or am I raving?
What do I know of life? What of myself?
I know not even my own work past or present,
Dim ever-shifting guesses of it spread before me,
Of newer, better worlds, their mighty parturition
Mocking, perplexing me.....
And these things I see suddenly, what mean they?—
As if some miracle, same hand divine, unseal'd my eyes;
Shadowy, vast shapes smile through the air and sky,
And on the distant waves sail countless ships,
And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me."

—*Walt Whitman.*

"One effort more, my altar this bleak sand;
That Thou, O God, my life hast lighted
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouched of Thee,—

Light rare, untellable, lighting the very light
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages;
For that, O God, be it my latest word, here on
my knees,
Old, poor, paralyzed, I thank Thee.

My terminus near,
The clouds already closing in upon me,
The voyage balked, the course disputed, lost,
I yield my ships to Thee."—*Walt Whitman.*

"Not yet—not all—last night a dream—
I sailed
On my first voyage, harassed by the frights
Of my first crew, their curses and their groans.
The great flame-banner borne by Teneriffe,
The compass, like an old friend false at last
In our most need, appall'd them, and the wind
Still westward, and the weedy seas—at length
The landbird, and the branch with berries on it,
The carven staff—and last the light, the light
On Guanahani ! but I changed the name ;
San Salvador I called it; and the light
Grew as I gazed, and brought out a broad sky
Of dawning over—not those alien palms,
The marvel of that fair new nature—not
That Indian isle, but our most ancient East,
Moriah with Jerusalem ; and I saw
The glory of the Lord flash up, and beat
Thro' all the homely town from jasper, sap-
phire,

Chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius,
Chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprase,
Jacinth and amethyst—and those twelve gates,
Pearl—and I woke, and thought—death—I
shall die—
I am written in the Lamb's own Book of Life
To walk within the glory of the Lord
Sunless and moonless, utter light—but no !''

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

''Hark! do I hear again the roar
Of the tides by the Indies sweeping down ?
Or is it the surge from the viewless shore
That swells to bear me to my crown ?
Life is hollow and cold and drear
With smiles that darken and hopes that flee ;
And, far from its winds that faint and veer,
I am ready to sail the vaster sea !

Lord, Thou knowest I love Thee best ;
And that scorning peril and toil and pain,
I held my way to the mystic West,
Glory for Thee and Thy church to gain.
And Thou didst lead me, only Thou,
Cheering my heart in cloud and calm,
Till the dawn my glad, victorious prow
Greeted Thine isles of bloom and balm.

And then, O gracious, glorious Lord,
I saw Thy face, and all heaven came nigh
And my soul was lost in that rich reward,

And ravished with hope of the bliss on high:
So, I can meet the sovereign's frown—
My dear Queen gone—with a large disdain,
For the time will come when his chief renown
Will be that I sailed from his realm of Spain.

I have found new Lands—a World maybe,
Whose splendor will yet the Old outshine ;
And life and death are alike to me,
For earth will honor, and heaven is mine,
Is mine!—What songs of sweet accord!
What billows that nearer, gentler roll !
Is mine !—Into Thy hands, O Lord,
Into Thy hands I give my soul !"

—*Edna Dean Proctor.*

"Hush ! o'er that bed of death,
Swayed by the failing breath,
A clank of chains !
'Peace to the noble dead'—
With tears, by men is said ;
While angels sigh, 'God reigns!' "

—*Eliza Allen Starr.*

"Cold-hearted Ferdinand his pillow prest,
Nor dreamed of those his mandates robbed of rest,
Of him who gemmed his crown, who stretched his reign
To realms that weighed the tenfold poise of Spain."

—*Joel Marlow.*

"And the king forgot what the fair good queen
With her dying lips had said ;
And he who had given a world to Spain
Had never a roof for himself again,
And he wished that he, too, were dead.

Slow tolled the bells of old Seville town
At the noon of a summer's day ;
For up in the chamber of yonder inn,
Close by the street with its noise and din,
The heart of the New World lay.

Perhaps the king on his throne close by
No thought of the tolling gave ;
But over a world, far up and down,
They heard the bells of Seville town,
And they stood by an open grave.

And the Seville bells they are ringing still
Through the centuries far and dim ;
And though it is but the common lot
Of men to die, and be forgot,
They will ring forever for him."

—*S. H. M. Byers.*

"But thou, Christ-Bringer to the new half-world,
Christ-Bearer too, didst, with the Christ, his Cross
Thy portion find. Thy glory's earthly gloss
Scarce lasted till the home-bound sails were furled.

Ingratitude and envy swiftly hurled
Their torches at thy fame. But was it loss
They wrought thee? Nay, a merit purged of dross.
For this their lurid flames so fiercely curled.
And when had passed the years that seemed so long,
And came our Lady with a call to rest,
She led thy spirit through the sainted throng
To where her Son reigns Monarch of the Blest;
And He bestowed, in meed of suffered wrong,
A richer realm than thy discovered West."

—Benjamin D. Hill, C. P.

"He failed. He reached to grasp Hesperides,
To track the foot course of the sun, that flies
Toward some far-western couch, and watch its rise,—
But fell on unknown sand-reefs, chains, disease.

He won. With splendid daring, from the sea's
Hard, niggard fist he plucked the glittering prize,
And gave a virgin world to Europe's eyes,
Where gold-dust choked the streams, and spice the breeze.

He failed fulfillment of the task he planned,
And dropped a weary head on empty hand,

Unconscious of the vaster deed he'd done;
But royal legacy to Ferdinand
He left : a key to doorways gilt with sun,—
And proudest title of 'World-father' won!''

—*George Washington Wright Houghton.*

THE OLD AND THE NEW IN HISTORY

(The Old.)

''Plead not in vain the archives long concealed,
When men were gods, and heroes lived whose birth
Made land and sea and sky all common earth,
While Homer sang and oracles revealed :
The rust of ages scars the ancient shield,
And dusty bannered-halls have lost their mirth—
The battle-ax and barbéd spear their worth
In deadly combat on the tented field ;

Those fabled days so vaguely seen are gone,
Though battered walls and crumbling towers may sigh
And dream of chivalry : yet comes the dawn
Of centuries which myth and mould defy,
Whose rays of promise, brighter than the sun,
Spread far and near when brave Columbus won.

(The New.)

The nations marching from the mystic past,
Or through the dark uncertainty and gloom
Of fated epochs bearing on their doom,

Behold afar—too far for hope to last,
Or feudal thrones to bind a people fast —
A world of beauty and of sweet perfume,
A land of golden hues and vernal bloom,
Spanned only by the arc of heaven so vast :

No worm-gnawed parchments need proclaim
the rights,
Where simple worth, spurred by the pulse of
youth,
Inspires a nation and restores to sight
The long-lost palms of Liberty and Truth.
Proud Realm of western grandeur and re-
nown !
Thou seekest only good the New to crown."

—*W. J. Crandall.*

Statue of Columbus at Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic

"There is now on foot a movement to erect another monument in this Republic to the immortal discoverer near the spot where he made his home and left so many permanent records of himself. William E. Pulliam, for a number of years receiver general of customs in the Dominican Republic, is leading the movement to raise a fund of $500,000 by contributions from all the American Republics with which to build a suitable monument in the form of a powerful beacon, to be known as the Columbus Light."

From the Pan-American Bulletin.

CHAPTER VII.

POSTHUMOUS GLORY:
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

The Bibliotek Columbina at Seville, founded by the liberal donations of thousands of volumes, by Columbus's son Ferdinand, is a literary monument to his memory. Collected there are his letters and writings and many of the valuable manuscripts pertaining to his life and works.

His tomb in the cathedral of Santo Domingo where his remains repose is worthy of him, as is the following poem worthy to be his epitaph:

"Here, 'mid these paradises of the seas,
The roof beneath of this cathedral old,
That lifts its suppliant arms above the trees,
Each clasping in its hand a cross of gold,
Columbus sleeps—his crumbling tomb behold!
By faith his soul rose eagle-winged and free,
And reached that Power whose wisdom never fails,
Walked 'mid the kindred stars, and reverently
The light earth weighed in God's own golden scales.
A man of passions like to men's was he.

He overcame them, and with hope and trust
Made strong his soul for highest destiny,
And following Christ, he walked upon the sea ;
The waves upheld him—what is here is dust."

—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

The monuments erected to his honor are well-nigh innumerable. What though his name has not been given to this new land which he discovered,—collectively,—we figuratively speak of our part of it as "Columbia—the Gem of the Ocean;" and the district set aside to contain our national capital is named for him.

In that capital is his monument, glorious in its splendor, and placed through the initiative of the Knights who bear his name ; and the bronze doors of the Capitol building portray scenes from his life, while his statue is placed in the portico. Geographically also is he honored—by England, in her British Columbia ; in South America by Colombia, which possesses a monument presented by the Empress Eugenie; and the erstwhile small town Colon is now famous as being at the end of the Panama Canal, "the new way to India."

Other cities bear his name—Columbus, Ohio ; Columbus, Georgia ; Columbus, Kentucky ; Columbus City, Iowa; while counties, rivers, colleges, museums, asteroids commemorate it. Every spot upon which he touched in this New World he marked with a Cross—

The Magnificent Mausoleum of Marble and Bronze erected in the Cathedral at Santo Domingo to contain the ashes of the Illustrious Discoverer of America

"Oh ! gladly I went forth,
Toil-worn and tired, yet joyous even then
To bear to realms unfound the name of Christ,
And set His cross there, sign of life in death.

So where the first mark of the New World shone,
A twinkling light upon a shore unseen,
We raised the Cross—there on San Salvador
And all along Cipango and Cathay
And fertile Ornofay we showed the cross;
Then later by that three-hilled isle that rose
From out the waves, type of the Trinity ;
And on Paria, called the coast of pearls,
Where the sweet stream from Eden's Tree of Life
Flowed down and mingled with the bitter gulf."

—*George Parsons Lathrop.*

—and now practically every spot upon which he touched in life is marked by a monument to his honor. His first landing place which he named San Salvador has been identified as Watling's Island, and its memorial has been placed by the Chicago Herald.

The Republic of Honduras marks the spot where he first touched land in Central America, —Honduras, the *Veragua* whence his posterity derive their title, for his lineal descendants are so named—Dukes of Veragua.

In Argentina, Peru, Mexico are there monuments.

The old world also marks his footsteps at Barcelona, where he came on his first return to present his trophies to the sovereigns ; at Madrid, in the Museum, is the New World represented by all manner of trophies and specimens and pictures, one room being called the Discoverer's room, while, as early as 1517, the Portuguese honored him by naming the capital of Ceylon—one of the Indies which he never reached—*Colombo;* which name it retains to this day.

What shall we say of the artists who portray his life? What more inspiring theme could they choose? By them we have every phase of it represented.

But high above all paintings; all monuments and buildings of stone or marble; high above the strains of operas and of dramas and poems of all the great thinkers; high above the influence of the books written, either to laud him or to contemn him; high above all such material manifestations, is the great tribute of honor paid the memory of Columbus by the thousands of noble, clean-souled men who have chosen him as their model—for the "highest form of flattery is imitation;" and surely have the Knights of Columbus shown sincere appreciation of the zeal of their protonym.

The knights of old sallied forth to redress wrong, to defend the helpless and to succor the oppressed. Glorious indeed was their

Columbus Monument at Watling's Island (San Salvador

advent and magnificent their accoutrements: helmet and charger and shield of spotless white. But what are the habiliments of *these* Knights who still hold aloft the banner of Faith which he, Columbus, their great Admiral, came to plant? They are the guardians of the sacred Light—as in days of old were the Vestal Virgins guardians of the sacred fire, lest the hearthstones be without heat.

In this way are the Knights of Columbus caparisoned:

* * * "loins girth about with truth, and having on the breastplate of justice,

And * * * feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace:

In all things taking the shield of faith * * * and the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit (which is the word of God)."

—*St. Paul.*

Their order—a fraternal, benevolent, social, intellectual, and spiritual one—was founded in New Haven, Connecticut, February 2, 1882, and incorporated in the same year, the organizers and incorporators being the Reverend M. J. McGivney, the Reverend P. P. Lawler and eight prominent Catholic laymen.

Its purpose is not for the advancement of the members themselves only, but like the Christ-Bearer, Columbus—it strives to bring Him to those who know Him not, and for this

end has established Catholic libraries, lecture systems and scholarships.

The Knights' efforts to have their hero honored have given rise to Columbus Day, a legal holiday in many states. Well may each Knight say, as his great leader might have said:

"And for success, I ask no more than this:
To bear unflinching witness to the truth.
All true whole men succeed; for what is worth
Success' name, unless it be the thought,
The inward surety, to have carried out
A noble purpose to a noble end."

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE CHRIST-BEARER.

"This was a man of all men else apart,
Yet so attempered in his cosmic mind
That he was more than brother to his kind
Whether of land or sea, of court or mart.
For he hath touched the universal heart,
He hath poured light upon the utter blind
And at his word bade new worlds unconfined
Into the wondering ken of nations start.
Fearless he followed westward his own star
Until he saw the shining Hebrides
Unto his 'raptured vision all unroll;
Yet hath he won a triumph greater far—
Whether in kingly court or raging seas—
He deep explored and conquered his own soul.

Statue of Columbus at Lima, Peru

Of such a mould was Socrates, the Greek,
Daring the unknown seas of human thought;
In such a mood keen Aristotle wrought,
Heeding the voice that bade him 'Seek, O seek!'
In kindred tones we hear the Roman speak
Who hurled the wiles of Cataline to naught:
All noble souls unterrified, unbought,
Gather in homage at his vessel's peak.
Nor doth he voice to them an unknown tongue,
For great deeds speak wherever man is great,
And giants know their brother giants' crest:
Wherever hearts are bold or songs are sung
The sons of Genius on the Sailor wait,
And hail him prophet of the mighty West.

Yea, he is master of earth's ancient kings,
Rich-laden with the trophies of old Time,
For they are not untainted by the slime
Of base ambitions from polluted springs;
While he, new herald of the dawn-break, flings
A flood of sunlight on the dust and grime
Of buried centuries: mists of age and clime
Fly fast before him on the morning's wings.
Nor doth he bear his glory in the boast
Of finder of the undiscovered lands
And bridger of the hidden ocean's span:
For unto every race and every coast
He comes, the true Christ-bearer—in his hands
The freedom and the brotherhood of man!"

—*John Jerome Rooney.*

"How sad it seems that he should pass from earth,
Unknowing that his deed, so grandly wrought,
Had not to India's wealth new passage gained
But, better far, new lands had brought to view,
And crowned him great Discoverer of the age.
Then, too, methinks this Western Continent,
Which fills such goodly portion of earth's space,
Should wear the name its famed discoverer bore,
And as *Columbia,* now the nations greet."

"What matter if ye now by other names
Have called these lands; or if my name be swept
Far from the verge and drowned in rumor false?
The Cross I planted there—the Cross remains!

I, for my part, disdain at last received;
Sent home in chains, dishonored, outcast, poor.
Sweet poverty then, who first to this great work
Had consecrated me, gave me her crown
Of lowly blessing at the hour of death.

Yet, lost in grief, 'O Heaven, pity me!'
I cried. 'I, who have wept for others long—
Weep, Earth, for me! All ye who justice love
And truth—for me, Columbus—weep and pray!'

But on my sorrow sudden radiance burst.
The broken chain, hung on my death-room's wall,
Was token of earth's bondman now set free.

Columbus Monument and Fountain, Washington, D. C.

And lo! I saw that I who bore the Christ
Unto the New World's border—I, the same—
God in His mercy granted me to bear
His Holy Cross of grief through all my life.

Ye who inherit the New World I found,
With riches yet untold to touch or sight,
Beware lest poverty of soul should blast
Your earthly splendor. This New World is yours;
Yet dream not it is all. Still speak the clouds,
Though dimly, of the future and the past.
Still shine the stars with unforgetting gleam;
And God remembers. Yours is this New World;
But the great world of Faith all still must seek
With trustful sail borne by a dauntless mast
Like mine. Nor wreck nor shoal, nor hate nor fear,
Nor foul ingratitude, shall stay your course;
Nor chains unjust. Sail bravely forth, and find
The New World here of Christ's truth realized!

So I, Columbus, the gray Admiral, speak
From out the furrows of unmeasured seas
That spread a seeming waste 'twixt you and God.
For still I voyage on, with perfect hope,
To that pure world of heaven, forever new,
Where Time reigns not, but God forever reigns."

—*George Parsons Lathrop.*

Columbus Monument and Fountain (Detail). *Lorado Taft*
Washington, D. C.

LOURDES

AND THE

EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

LOURDES AND THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

EN ROUTE.

Although having undertaken the ocean voyage for recuperation and rest only, and having foresworn all sight-seeing and even the mention of Baedeker and notebook, still the blessed opportunity of visiting Lourdes during the Eucharistic Congress was not to be neglected.

Fifteen days of sky and water, interspersed by stops and visits at the interesting Azores, at Lisbon, and around Gibraltar to Barcelona, attuned the spirit for the momentous event.

We had been at the great shrine of Our Lady of the Indians, in their village outside Mexico City, at Guadalupe, where she appeared to a native and left her image impressed miraculously upon his blanket—seen and venerated to this day; we had visited St. Anne de Beaupre, where the mementoes of the favors obtained through the intercession of the good saint are piled mountain high; had visited the shrines of the Apostles at Rome and had knelt at the feet of the successor of their Prince,—the late revered Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius X; had witnessed the inspiring representation of the Passion of Our Lord at Oberammergau—but

second to none of these events was the meeting of the Eucharistic Congress at Lourdes.

Knowing the story of the Grotto, and upon innumerable occasions reading of the wonderful miracles which transpired there, it was quite astonishing to ourselves how vague was our knowledge of the town itself.

Non-Catholics feel a great interest in the place owing to the unmentionable Zola's book, and it is consoling to learn that many of them are fair-minded enough to appreciate the beauty of the setting of the tale, and to recognize and to spurn the slime of the author's own personality.

Have not read Zola's Lourdes, nor the very excellent work by Henry Lasserre, nor even the one by Monsignor Benson; in fact, have read nothing intensive upon the subject, not even Baedeker nor other guide books. When the opportunity presents itself to do so, a vast fund of information will doubtless be acquired, and it will be astonishing to learn how much has been written upon the subject—so much that any more may prove a superfluity—but no writer, heretofore, has had an opportunity of witnessing there a meeting of the Eucharistic Congress.

So to those who have not had that opportunity, the simple story of the event as it appeared to one without statistics may not be devoid of interest.

First, how to get there. Many tourists go by way of Paris, as there is no change of cars, but as our route was by way of the Mediterranean, and as we could stop at Barcelona in Spain, our map showed the distance from that city to Lourdes to be about equal to its distance from Marseilles in France; but being warned that the Spanish railroads might prove to be of the "mañana" style, we started from the latter place. We imagined that the journey might be of three or four hours' duration and were considerably surprised to find that although taking the Express at 10 o'clock A. M. and making excellent connections, we did not reach Lourdes until 11:30 P. M. That is our American way of stating the time—will spare you the French complications.

But what an enjoyable ride it was!

Someone— was it Alice Cary?—must have experienced a like pleasure when she wrote:

"Would you put your soul into sweetest tune
Take a railroad ride in the heart of June;
Go without company, go without books,
Drink in the country with long, loving looks."

The latter part of her injunction is obviously fulfilled in this case.

After settling down to enjoy comfortably the ride, we learn that we must change cars at Tarascon, which is but a short distance from

Avignon. Then again, after skirting the shores of the Mediterranean, we change at Cette; then on through the omnipresent grape fields with their picturesque peasants at work. How familiar those peasants are to us—or is it their blouses that are so? The veritable blouses their forefathers wore on that memorable July day so long ago, when they stormed the Bastile. But these peasants are quite peaceful looking. Are they conscious of the war cloud so soon to burst upon them? We had been informed by a French officer that war was imminent between France and Germany; also that France's Republican form of government having proved a failure, a party, called the Orleanists, was clamoring for the return of the king—the heir to the throne being the Duke of Orleans.

However, at present, beautiful Southern France lay smiling and basking in sunshine. Now there is a chateau, and look, his lordship of it comes cantering by booted and spurred with riding whip and hound.

But are we dreaming, or is that a fairy castle sprung into existence in imagination only? Surely such a castle was never seen outside of Romance. The station is Carcassonne, and do we thus have thrust upon our vision with so startling unexpectedness, the sight of all sights in the *Midi*—nay, the sight that is longed for and hungered for by many as was the view of the Promised Land to the Israelites of old!

This plaint is re-echoed from more than one heart:

CARCASSONNE.

"'I'm growing old; I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain:
In all that time of hopes and fears,
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none;
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know—
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill;
It lies beyond the mountains blue,
And yet to reach it, one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue.
And to return, as many more!
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its plenteous store!
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
Not more or less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair,
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The vicar's right: he says that we
  Are ever backward, weak and blind;
He tells us, in his homily:
  Ambition ruins all mankind!
Yet could I there two days have spent,
  While yet the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me! I might have died content,
  When I had looked on Carcassonne,
  When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, father, I beseech
  In this my prayer, if I offend:
One something sees beyond his reach,
  From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy, Aignan,
  Have travelled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
  And I have not seen Carcassonne,
  And I have not seen Carcassonne!'

So crooned, one day, close by Limoux,
  A peasant, double-bent with age.
'Rise up, my friend,' said I, 'with you
  I'll go upon this pilgrimage.'
We left next morning his abode,
  But—Heaven forgive him—half way on
The old man died upon the road:
  He never gazed on Carcassonne;
  Each mortal has his Carcassonne!''

—From the French.

Now we sight the Pyrenees and the engine laboriously winds up and in and among them.

We reached Toulouse as evening fell—a busy railroad center and quite a large-sized town, clinging to our memory as the ancient stronghold of Count Raymond of Toulouse, the propagandist of the notorious Albigensian heresy.

After changing cars at Toulouse, night settled down upon us and drew a veil over the landscape; and then came feelings of dread and terror of entering so strange a place at so late an hour. Might not the villagers be wrapt in slumber and might not we be compelled to go from door to door begging admittance? What kind of place was Lourdes anyhow? A little village like Oberammergau? One can, during five hours of darkness, conjure up an amazing amount of horrors. But let me tell of the marvel which dispelled our fears.

Nothing less than a blazing Cross which shone high in the sky of blackness. Not more marvelous to Constantine was the blazing emblem with the flaming letters—"*In hoc Signo Vincit*"—was that sign of blessing to us. We occasionally lost sight of it upon the turning of the road, but ever found it again. Blessed emblem, may It ever shine high and bright in our firmament!

Before leaving Lourdes, we stood upon the summit of the Pic du Jer, the highest peak

of the surrounding mountains, brought up its 3,000 feet by a funicular railroad, and placed at the foot of that Cross, alive with electric wires, the wild flowers we gathered in our ascent. Poor little token of appreciation!

The following sonnet refers to another of the peaks:

"LE PETIT GERS."

"How bleak it stands against the eastern sky,
Yon mountain gray. See, on its rocky crown—
Like sentinels of Heaven looking down—
Three lofty crosses lift their arms on high
In benediction on the passers-by,
And guard the entrance to that favored town
Whose holy Grotto rings with earth's renown
Since Mary came its shades to sanctify.
An image of our lady hidden lies
Beneath the crosses on that summit gray,
To mark a pilgrim's vow: with tearful eyes
And telling rosaries along the way,
He mounted barefoot there with fear and sighs,
In penance for a loved one gone astray."

—*Rev. Theodore A. Metcalf.*

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

The next morning, upon waking and hastening to the window, we were delighted with the prospect which met our gaze.

Directly opposite was the old chateau, now the town property, which is stationed as a fort

upon the steep mountain side, and overlooking the hamlet of Lourdes. Over and beyond the building shone the snow-capped Pyrenees, dazzling in the morning sun. Looking downward, for our hotel was literally "Belvedere," we swept the valley, and at the farther end, opposite the chateau, was the basilica of Our Lady, towards which thousands were already wending their way.

"A thousand banners float above thy aisles,
O fair Basilica. Thy walls are set—
Like jewels in a regal coronet—
With countless offerings and marble tiles
Whose sculptured records mark the tears and smiles
Of grateful hearts; and like a parapet,
The soldier's sword and golden epaulet
Are reared against thy sacred peristyles.
What would they say, those pledges mute and grave,
If living words their forms should animate?
A mighty chorus through thy lofty nave
Would rise and make its vault reverberate
With joyous echoes of the tuneful wave—
'Hail Mother dear, our Queen Immaculate.'"

—Rev. Theodore A. Metcalf.

Every balcony was gay with streamers, the papal colors, and flowers. Banners galore proclaimed the town *"a la Fiesta,"* and pictures

of Our Lady and the Sacred Heart decorated every doorway.

Entering the amphitheater, or piazza of the basilica, under an archway bearing good tidings—*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*—we reach the sacred precincts.

Obtaining a badge which every one, from the papal legate to the humblest peasant, wore, we are part of the Eucharistic Congress.

The meetings opened with a reception to his Eminence, the Legate, July 22, and closed with a torchlight procession on the evening of July 26.

So fraught with enthusiasm was each meeting and so exuberant was the expression of that enthusiasm, that every man, woman and child in that vast concourse was, as it were, charged with magnetism.

How specify the numerous momentous occasions? How give adequate figures to express the numbers attending? One might as well try to count the sands on the sea shore!

Of the ecclesiastics attending, besides the Legate, were nine Cardinals, one hundred and sixty-eight Archbishops and Bishops, and eight thousand Priests; and of the various nations represented, the description in Holy Writ of that memorable gathering on the first coming of the Holy Ghost seems fit to enumerate them: "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and inhabitants of Mesopotamia, Judea, and Cappa-

docia, Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, Egypt, and the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews also, and proselytes, Cretes, and Arabians: we have heard them speak in our own tongues the wonderful works of God."

The Latin tongue, the language of Holy Church, was used entirely in the Sacerdotal meetings. French was used in the general meeting held in the *l'Esplanade of the Rosaire.* There was a German section, and sections for other European nations, besides reunions of the different religious societies, and of the men, the women and the children.

The English speaking section was presided over by typical Englishmen, who apparently were not congenial to the large Irish delegation, for they speedily and strenuously set to work to open up a distinctly Irish section which proved an inspiration.

Rallying around their banner came a Scottish delegation, and some few Americans who understood the situation, as there was no American section, nor were the Americans organized in any way, though doubtless many of the clergy and laity attended.

The American flag was prominent in the parades among the flags of all nations, but I imagine that it was the personal property of Mr. McGrane of New York, as he was present with a party of his tourists.

Seeing the dear old Stars and Stripes upon the campus, we rallied around it, only to be snapped up by the Pathe "movies."

His Lordship, Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, graced the Irish section with his presence, and spoke feelingly of the troublous state of affairs at home. Alas, how overwhelming that cloudburst!

Cardinal Farley, our own representative, also lent his presence and congratulated the Irish upon their spiritual head and spoke with friendly reminiscence of the visit paid by him to America. He also mentioned an incident of his own visit to Ireland many years ago, when the people were just beginning to enjoy a little of emancipation. Noticing their improved bearing and how erect they held their heads, some of the clergy evinced a disposition to fear that with their freedom they might waver in their unswerving allegiance to Holy Mother, the Church.

He had reassured them upon that score, citing the Americans as an instance; for nowhere on the face of the earth did Catholics enjoy greater freedom, and nowhere were they more faithful to the Church.

His Eminence then humorously promised them that should the Catholics in Ireland cease to uphold their holy faith, plenty of their descendants in America would be able and willing to go over as missionaries to convert them.

The humor of the remark may not have been appreciated by the brilliant young Irish clergy present, as all need of spiritual assistance from America was vigorously disclaimed.

A clergyman of the diocese of Cork spoke about Little Nellie of the Holy God, the child of four years of age who longed so fervently for the Blessed Sacrament that she was allowed to partake of the Sacred Food—and that some few years before the decree of the late Holy Father in regard to child communicants. She is like to be made the patron of first communicants, and is soon to be beatified. The *Ave Maria*, our American Catholic magazine, had an article upon the subject some short time since.

A very interesting speaker at the same section was the Bishop of Burmah, coal black, who spoke English charmingly, and whose address was most enjoyable. Should like to state the gist of his remarks, but alas! cannot reproduce his benign personality:

"It is a pleasure to address the Irish people, for they have much in common with us of India. We are both under the same government; also the Irish people have a great honor for St. Patrick. We in India also honor him, and over every Catholic doorway is his statue; for St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland, and we also pray our people may not be bitten by those pests of India.

There are also snakes of another type in India which we pray St. Patrick to free us from, and they are the false teachers who come and try to sow discord and iniquitous doctrine among our people. Now, my dear good Irish people, pray to St. Patrick that the snakes will not bite our people, but rather that they will bite those false prophets."

Before the Congress closed, His Eminence, Cardinal Granito Pignatelli di Belmonte, the Papal Legate, honored the section by his presence and by a short address.

Should like to make some report of the meetings of the other sections, but not being ubiquitous, cannot, and this meager account of the proceedings of the Congress may not reflect in the slightest way, the brilliance of the event.

Those who attended the other sections, and particularly the clergy who attended the Reunions *Sacerdotales*, may consider the affair not stated at all; for by the enthusiastic shouts and cheers and hurrahs which issued from their section, wonderful things must have transpired there, which they will doubtless be pleased to pass along.

Must not fail to mention a very elaborate ceremony which was performed in the Church of the Rosary by the Patriarch of Jerusalem—the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass according to the Maronite rite. It apparently was of keen interest to ecclesiastics, for so intense was their

absorption in following the ceremonies, that many stood upon chairs and craned their necks for better views.

THE GROTTO.

"Upon the hillside—looking o'er the stream
That kisses Mary's Grotto, as it flows
Beside the rock where creeping ivy grows
And hanging blossoms cling to every seam—
I stood at night to watch the golden gleam
Of countless tapers, whose reflection throws
A blushing halo, like a budding rose,
Throughout that Grotto, making it a dream
Of blissful paradise; and spotless white
Our Lady's image smiling in her shrine,
Seemed 'more immaculate' against the night
Which clothed in shadow each sweet eglantine;
E'en as her loveliness outshines the light
Of earthly beauty by its grace divine."

VOIS TES ENFANTS Á GENOUX.

"And while entranced I gazed upon the view,
There came the melody of joyful song
That rose and fell in cadence sweet and strong
And sent its echoes all the valley through,
Repeating, '*Vois tes enfants á genoux,*'
The chanted anthem of a kneeling throng
Of Mary's children, on the banks along
The rushing Gave. Methought our Lady, too,
Leaned forward at that sound of music sweet—

As once before when Bernadette was there
The ringing Angelus she bent to greet
With all its memories of *'Aves'* fair—
And falling prostrate at our Lady's feet
My heart went up to her in fervent prayer."

—Rev. Theodore A. Metcalf.

Some time was spent at the Grotto, at the wonderful Stations of the Cross upon the hillside and in the basilica, where Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was held.

From hundreds of altars, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was being offered up continuously from midnight until 12 o'clock noon each day, and what, with the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which took place every afternoon and the torchlight processions each evening, when thousands upon thousands bearing flambeaus and chanting these strains which rolled and swelled up over the mountain heights and wound in and out along the valley—what Pilgrims' Chorus from Tannhauser can compare with it:—

"Christum regem adoremus
Dominantem gentibus—
Qui se manducantibus
Dat spiritus pinguedinem—
Christum regem adoremus
Dominantem gentibus."

St. Anne's Day, 1914.

MEXICO

SOME MEMORIES OF MEXICO IN THE YEAR 1905

MEXICO, THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The first preliminary of a trip to Mexico is a brushing up of the past, for it is from the past that the present borrows its interest.

We see in spirit the dusky savages meandering through the valley where towers the City of Mexico—the valley so high, so fair, so fertile—the far-famed Valley of Anahuac.

This is now historic Mexico; the narrow strip of lowlands along the coast—the *terra calientes*—claiming no history, except, of course, that Vera Cruz, "the true Cross," was founded by Cortez. That is tropical Mexico, and we shall have a glimpse merely of its luxuriance.

Besides the many tropical products that are familiar to us, we here find some that are distinctly Mexican: *Chirimoyas, sapodillas, guavas,* etc.

But in our valley, 8,000 feet above the sea, our "highlands of the tropics," our "Egypt of America," our "old New World," the "land of the cacti," the "Venice of America," the "semi-barbarous Spain," the "land of manana"—shall we revel in the unfamiliar.

Those mystic savages that in prehistoric times meandered through this valley we call *Toltecs.*

They were builders—such great builders that their name was its synonym. In our country we call them "mound builders."

There, one of their mounds—Cholula—a pyramid greater in extent than those of Egypt, stands to this day as the foundation stones of a temple to God, our God, the God of all creatures, and not to *Quetzelcoatl,* their god of the air, as they had intended.

There are other pyramids and ruins, but their origin is disputed, as is that of Cholula: the pyramids of the Sun, of the Moon, the Ruins of Mitla, etc.

It was Cortez who overthrew the pagan temple of Cholula and after the terrible massacre of the Cholulans, erected the first chapel on this spot.

By that time the Toltecs had disappeared from the valley, and the Aztecs had succeeded them.

Prescott, in his history of the Aztec Conquest by Cortez, required three volumes to tell the story—and a fascinating story it is—more interesting and thrilling than romance.

General Lew Wallace presents it as a romance in his *Fair God.*

Cortez had his Boswell in the person of Bernal Diaz, the Spanish historian, who accompanied him on his voyage of conquest.

It is due to him we have such glowing accounts of the event.

Three hundred years later, von Humboldt, the great German naturalist, visited Mexico, and he not only did not with his cold science dissipate the glamour of enthusiasm, but even added to the interest of this marvelous region.

We look in vain for the "diadem of lakes." They are almost things of the past. After causing much havoc and destruction by numerous overflows of the City of Mexico, situated in the lowest part of the valley, they are now greatly reduced by the Mexican system of drainage.

Lake Xochimilio, no longer worthy the name of lake, supplies, however, the water for the famous La Viga Canal.

This is the great highway for the produce and flowers from the floating gardens—the *chinampas*—to the City of Mexico.

Here we see the same canoes that Cortez saw and the same "gondolier".

He propels his canoes along the self-same way pushing with a long pole.

There are numerous Indian villages on each side of the canal, but the ride of sixteen miles is not particularly interesting.

On the royal hill of Chapultepec is still the residence of the Mexican monarchs, now called *presidents.*

The Spanish conquerors dwelt there, but Maximilian, during his short dream empire, did most to adorn it.

Many of the rooms still are preserved as left by him and Carlotta.

They are shown to visitors as are also the president's portion when not occupied.

Back of the castle and closely adjoining it is the National Military Academy.

A most courteous guide, one of the cadets, and English-speaking, too, showed us the way.

He pointed out the monument raised to the boys of the school who heroically tried to defend the hill at the time of our war with Mexico.

In the highest place of honor over the entrance arch is a bust of Napoleon Bonaparte.

It puzzled me as I thought of the French occupation of Mexico as most inimical.

"I thought you did not like the French," I said to the guide, pointing to the bust.

"The French? Oh, we do not honor Napoleon as French. We think only of his great military genius. This is a Military Academy, hence we honor him."

The grounds are spacious and the "hill of the grasshopper" was literally covered with flowers, mostly geraniums.

This was at Christmas time, and nearly 9,000 feet above the sea!

The drive from Chapultepec to the city, two miles long, was also laid out by Maximilian. It was the Paseo Imperial, but is now called Paseo

de la Reforma, and it is ornamented on each side by monuments to Mexican heroes.

On one end stands the colossal bronze equestrian statue of Charles IV, claimed to be the largest statue molded in one piece on the continent.

Here is another of the monuments to Guatemotzin, or Guatemoc, the nephew of Montezuma, the vanquished.

He was placed at the head of the people and made a heroic rally—but in vain, as he was captured and finally hanged by Cortez. This monument is a glowing tribute to his efforts as he is styled, "The defender of his nation," on the base—elaborately carved and depicting in relief scenes from his life.

It is almost a pilgrimage to the Arbor Noche Trieste, the "tree of the sorrowful night," for under it Cortez wept when expelled from the city by a rallying of the foes.

It is appropriately a cypress, and as we in our zeal for souvenirs pluck a twig, the ever polite guard doffs his cap and couteously informs us, "No ay permisso"—after it is done.

Of course, we can't replace the twig on the tree and have to take it home.

There is Cortez's house at Coyoacan, which is a short distance on the trolley from the City of Mexico.

There is another house of Cortez at Cuernavaca, which is used now as the State Capitol.

Cuernavaca is the artists' Mecca as it abounds in many most enchanting views.

An original picture of Cortez is in the National Museum. He had donated it to Jesus Hospital, which he founded in 1527.

There also is the Aztec Calendar Stone and many gods, among whom is Quetzalcoatl. Here also is the sacrificial stone in the hollowed center of which we see the groove—the trough—towards the edge, through which the blood of the victims flowed so copiously, for thousands and thousands each year were offered up in sacrifice, their hearts plucked out and held aloft—still palpitating—to their horrible god of war—Huitzilopochtli! And that wasn't the worst, for after the sacrifice came the feast—the flesh of the victims served and relished as any dainty was relished by Epicurus of old Greece. It is well to recall this circumstance, else had we too great pity for the conquered.

And what did the conquerors accomplish?

For three hundred years—we are told by historians, so called—the Spaniards oppressed the natives and kept them ignorant and superstitious. They were tyrannical, avaricious, as were the viceroys, Spaniards all.

What do we find in Mexico as a remnant of their rule? What shall we judge them by?

We see churches—grand, sublime, monuments to their faith and devotion, adorned with art, jewels, treasures untold.

The Cathedral of Mexico City is well nigh unsurpassed by any in the world, but how can we describe it? We can give its dimensions—length, breadth and height. We can give its history, its cost, but how can we express the grandeur and beauty of its interior, dismantled as it is by numerous despoilations?

How can we describe its fourteen lateral chapels, its main altar, its Chapel of Expiation, each enriched by lavish donations of the many viceroys and rulers?

Here we see in Maximilian's Chapel an alabaster fount, which had been donated in 1755; also Maximilian's confessional, elaborately hand-carved massive mahogany, and in Carlotta's Chapel, a statue of our Blessed Lady in pure ivory, donated by Napoleon III.

In Mme. Diaz's Chapel is a Guido Reni, and here is a Madonna by Van Dyke, donated by Maximilian, and here a Velasquez, in the Chapel of Santa Anna and here are a Holy Family by Rubens, a Titian and a Michaelangelo.

We are told Mr. Rockefeller offered $400,000 for a Murilla's Assumption, donated by the second viceroy from Spain.

The chandelier in the choir, solid brass, was donated by the Empress Iturbide, as was also the clock.

The altar rail, a composite of copper, gold and silver, and said to weigh 50,000 pounds, came from Japan, the choir rail from China

and the alabaster pulpit from Milan. An offer was made to replace the rail by one of solid silver, but it was rejected.

The chandeliers are of gold leaf, solid gold and cut glass and the figures and statues are of pure onyx from Puebla, and filigree.

All the viceroys are buried here; also the Emperor Iturbide.

Here is a reliquary of the first Archbishop of Mexico and here is Hidalgo's skull, and the table on which the Archbishop signed the verification of the apparition of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

On being informed that His Grace, the Archbishop of Mexico, was to confirm two hundred Indians in the Cathedral Christmas afternoon, we were desirous of being present at the ceremony.

On entering the church we were greeted by wails and cries in various sharps and flats which proceeded from the two hundred throats of two hundred Indian infants!

"Oh, pshaw! a christening!" we exclaimed, but sure enough there was the Archbishop in his pontifical robes, administering the sacrament of confirmation.

Drawing nearer, we were elated at the benign condescension of the venerable prelate, for noticing us, he smiled and held out his hand.

He saw we were strangers, and this was his welcome to Mexico, the land of courtesy!

But alack aday! In kneeling to kiss his ring, there were no expected altar steps, and down we both tumbled on all fours at his feet!

He was at first startled, but finally yielded to the general smile that passed around the assemblage and stretching forth his hand he assisted us to arise saying to each, "Dios te salve!" ("God save you.")

We have a grateful remembrance of him and were interested when informed afterwards that he is a native Indian.

The Archbishop and Diaz, heads of Church and State, native Indians!

And by inquiring why the infants were being confirmed, we learned that it is the desire of all good Mexicans, that their children be born, baptised and confirmed on the same day!

THE CATHEDRAL TOWERS.

There is another fall—one which I didn't have—and that's from the Cathedral towers.

Nothing about Mexico that I had heard in the past had been so impressive to me as this description of the view from the towers:

"The view of Mexico from the Cathedral towers is beautiful. You then perceive at once the situation of the capital of the Montezumas. It is almost in the center of a valley encircled by mountains. In the distance, glittering like a belt of quicksilver, is a line of six lakes," etc. etc. That's what Stoddard had said.

Now, for a view of all Anahuac! My pulses beat at the prospect.

But Compania, a person gifted with good common sense, scoffed at the idea of climbing the Cathedral tower.

She would wait below, she said, so there was nothing to do but ascend alone.

Up, up, up! This was easy—stone steps, straight ahead.

To amuse myself, I counted the steps.

Fifty, sixty, sixty-five, etc.

It was pleasant to reach a landing at last.

O, yes, and there was the door, the guide informed me of.

"Pull the string, and the latch will fly open!"

I pulled the string, but only a bell clanked forth. Then the door flew open, and a comely matron appeared.

It was a little like Jack-in-the-Bean-Stalk, only it should have been a giantess, I believe, who appeared. However, I held out *un peso*, and she helped herself to it, and then permitted me to enter. Here was a cozy home, high up in the clouds, although an infant started up a terrible wailing, having been wakened, no doubt, by the clanking bell. It was the bell ringer's domain.

Then I passed through another door and again began the ascent. Up! up, up! The climbing was not so pleasant by this time. The steps were spiral, though enclosed.

Up, up, up! I lost count of the steps, but kept repeating: "The view of Mexico from the Cathedral towers is beautiful," etc.

Thank heavens, at last a landing is reached. I see the daylight and the sky overhead. I step out and almost gasp at the prospect. Bells, bells, bells. Big, little, middle-sized and all! But no view of Anahuac as the parapet was so high one could see nothing beyond it. All the bells had ropes fastened to the tongues—for it is by the tongues bells are rung in Mexico, as in Russia.

Here was the famous old melodious Guadalupe, which cost $10,000, and weighs over six tons.

"Could she do it; *dare* she do it?"

What would old Mexico do, should the bells peal forth at so unseasonable an hour?

No fear, my whole strength could not move one tongue to strike the sides.

But here's another door and another spiral.

Up, up, up.

"The view of Mexico from the Cathedral towers is beautiful," etc.

This spiral was entirely open; one could glance down, down, down.

One false step would be fatal.

Then I remembered the friendly injunctions learned from tourists—not to ascend steps in Mexico too rapidly, on account of the altitude, for the least haste has often proved fatal, but—

"The view of Mexico from the Cathedral towers is beautiful," etc.

Then my feet encountered a loose tread of the stairs, then another. I grasped the balustrade, but it was loose and tottered—

I shall tell you on good authority that "The view of Mexico from the Cathedral towers is beautiful," etc.

If you don't believe me, you can see for yourself.

OTHER CHURCHES AND SHRINES OF MEXICO.

This Cathedral of Mexico City is only one of the 10,000 churches in the Republic which are presided over by six Archbishops and twenty bishops.

A great many are a couple of centuries old, at least, and all are interesting.

A number have been despoiled by the laws of the "Reform," and many have been abolished altogether, or perverted to another use, generally for some state purpose.

El Senor del Sacramonte, "the Lord of the Holy Mount," is a famous image, being a crucifix which had been brought from Spain in 1527. It is enshrined in a chapel on the Sacramonte near Amecameca, and the old crumbling church at Tzintzutzan contains a treasure which is guarded most jealously by the padres, being an object of special veneration to many pilgrims

—particularly artists—for it is none other than a marvelous painting by Titian, "The Entombment."

It was given by the Emperor Charles V to his friend, a bishop transferred from Madrid to this Indian village of Tzintzuntzan, in 1533.

F. Hopkinson Smith, in his charming book, "A White Umbrella in Mexico," describes inimitably a journey to this church.

Another holy shrine is that of Nuestra Senora de los Remedios, "Our Lady of Succor."

It contains a carved wooded statue of Our Lady about eight inches long and is in the church of Los Remedios on the hill of Totoltepec, near Nancalpan.

It had been brought from Spain by the conquerors and many miracles are recorded in connection with it, the first one being the preservation of the Christians on that terrible "Dismal Night."

But the shrine of all shrines in Mexico is that of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the patroness of the Indians and of all Mexico.

It was shortly after the Conquest, in 1531, that Our Blessed Lady appeared to a poor Indian.

"Why are your brethren so slow to accept the faith of the Spaniards? I wish you for my children, build here a church in my honor."

It was in a voice of marvelous sweetness that she spoke.

Poor Juan Diego! Overwhelmed, he sank upon his knees.

"Go to the bishop and take my message."

But the poor, humble Indian is not credited.

Again he meets the beautiful Lady and she gently repeats her commands.

But he implores her to find a more worthy messenger, not a poor, ignorant Indian. He will not be believed.

So she tells him to ask the bishop what token he requires.

And the bishop says: "If roses spring from the rocks on the barren hillsides, I will credit your story."

That night the uncle of Juan Diego became seriously ill, and Juan hastens to fetch the priest—for both he and his uncle had been baptised.

He does not wish to meet the Lady, for he fears she will detain him, so he takes a different path to avoid the spot where she had appeared.

Simple Juan Diego!

She tells him to return to his uncle, as his illness had left him, and to pluck those roses and take them to the bishop.

And not only the roses did he take, carried so carefully in his tilma, for when it was unfolded—behold, there was the image of the Blessed Lady herself impressed upon the blanket.

It is the same miraculous picture that is over the high altar in the beautiful church of Our Lady of Guadalupe to this day.

Artists, scientists, from all quarters of the globe have examined the picture, and all must acknowledge that it was no human hand that impressed it upon the cloth.

Truly did the sovereign pontiff declare when verifying the apparition, "Non fecit taliter omnia nationes!"

("So great favor was not done to any other nation!")

EDUCATION UNDER THE VICEROYS.

The first university in the new world was built in Mexico and so also was the first newspaper printed here.

Prof. Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago, in his book, "Modern Mexican Authors," translates an instance which ought to make us feel quite behind the times in our so-called modern educational theories—compulsory education, etc.

He states that one of the early Spanish padres was so full of zeal for the education of the young that he had a law passed compelling the grandees, the hidalgos, to send their children to his school under pain of penalty, fine, etc.

The hidalgos, as well as the Indians, were very indifferent about education, as is obvious

from the necessity of the law, but to escape the penalty sent the children of their retainers instead.

When they awoke to the fact of the wonderful advantages enjoyed by their servants, they were glad to send their own children.

Now in the Republic are free schools scattered broadcast.

Each Indian village has at least one or more.

We are told that in all, English is a compulsory study, above the Fourth Grade.

We judge that the law has not been long in effect, or that the knowledge of the English language must be of slow growth, for nowhere did we encounter an Indian or Mexican who understood it—that is, among the peons, those who would patronize those free schools.

President Diaz himself does not speak or understand English.

The Americans, of whom there are 10,000 in the City of Mexico, have their own instructors brought from the States.

We were informed that a rule had to be made forbidding the pupils to speak Spanish at recess, so quickly do language and environment impress themselves upon the young!

An American miss—quite a young one—who had lived for most of her few years in Mexico at Saint Louis Potosi, was speaking to us about the bull fights. This is what she said: "Oh, we had a bull fight at our house, arranged espe-

cially for children! We killed two goats and a calf!"

(I wondered if her father were an enterprising stock yards man!) "It was the most fun!

In children's bull fights, ladies can ride around the ring and be the picadores. I was one.

But I saw a real bull fight once. It was grand! The bull tossed the matador seven feet high into the air, and then trampled him to death.

I never had so much fun in my life!"

THE BULL FIGHT.

The Toreador's Song in Carmen had given us some idea of a bull fight, but now we are in touch with the pulse of the nation. We feel its heart throbs—thousands of us, intent, expectant, breathless!

How awful the excitement! Mexican theatricals and music were a side issue, indeed!

At last a blast of music. The "Quadrille" dances into the arena. Prancing steeds, gallant picadores. O, but they are welcomed vociferously and they gallop around the circuit, saluting.

Then come the banderilleros, and then the puntilleros.

How handsomely clad! This is surely Old Spain.

But what now? Who comes? What shouting, tossing of hats, clapping, screaming until hoarse!

"Fuentes! Fuentes!"

There he is, the hero of the hour! The popular idol. Fuentes, the mighty toreador from Spain.

The beautiful cloaks are tossed aside.

But now!

In comes the bull. He is bewildered.

The picadores greet him with spear thrusts.

He would fain avoid them, but is not allowed.

The banderilleros spread in front of his amazed gaze their flaming scarlet cloaks.

He rushed towards them, but they nimbly step aside.

The puntillero steps up and dexterously pierces his neck with barbed arrows.

Others follow suit.

He is tormented, infuriated.

And now, O! horrors! and horrors, again, for this is the horror of the fight.

He rushes at the picador who slides off his horse, but the poor beast, blind-folded, does not see his foe—and what follows!

Let me not write it, let me not think of it! Shut it out from my memory forever! But it is the inevitable occurrence, the whetting of the appetite for the treat. It is the satisfying the craving of the populace for a taste of gore.

The poor horse is literally ripped open by

the cruel horns. He is tossed and held aloft on them, and then falls, his entrails strewing the arena!

These are only the preliminaries. The matador has been standing idly by watching this side play, for the bull has been only sported with, as a mouse by the kittens.

Soon the populace have had enough of waiting, and call for the matador (toreador). He is the killer so he comes forth and the real fight begins.

Nimble and dexterous and skilled he is, and after placing a dagger, once, twice, three times into the animal, he finally touches the vital spot, and presto! he has conquered.

That is only one bull, and six or more are killed at each fight and these fights take place every Sunday and feast day throughout the year!

THE LAST OF THE VICEROYS.

Among the sixty-odd viceroys who ruled Mexico for Spain, it is interesting to note that one was a lineal descendent of Columbus, and that another was the Count of Montezuma, a connection of the line of ancient kings.

The last of the viceroys was O'Donoju, pronounced O'Donohue (more power to him!)

In the beginning of the 19th century a certain little man in Europe was holding the center of the stage *D'affairs.*

His name was Napoleon Bonaparte. Charles IV, whose monument we viewed in the Paseo, was the king of Spain.

Napoleon wished his throne as a resting place for the dignity of his brother Joseph, so Charles abdicated in his favor.

For a while, then, Joseph Bonaparte was king of Spain, and consequently ruler of Mexico.

Then the son of Charles obtained the throne and then Charles himself wanted it back again; and meanwhile poor Mexico became somewhat muddled as to whom she owed allegiance.

Finally, Hidalgo, a priest of the little parish of Dolores, raised the standard of liberty, in 1810. The following year he was imprisoned and shot. We see at Chihuahua, the room in which he was confined and also the fine monument and statue that have been erected over the place of his execution and his portrait is hung in the National Palace (the Viceroy's Mansion) while the Mexican government has affixed his name to that of the Indian village of Guadalupe, which is now called Guadalupe-Hidalgo, for the standard he raised for freedom was a banner bearing an image of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

A compatriot—also a priest, Morelos—continued the warfare and he also was put to death, but the torch of freedom was not however, extinguished, and continued to burn un-

til finally Iturbide, the Spanish general, himself joined issue with the Mexican forces. Thereby O'Donoju was forced to abdicate in 1821, and Iturbide had himself proclaimed emperor, 1822. He was forced to resign in 1823, and was banished, but the next year he returned, was captured and shot.

MEXICO, THE REPUBLIC.

The baby republic was not fortunate in its foster-father, Santa Anna, the irrepressible one, the intriguer. Born in Mexico in 1795, he entered the Spanish army and fought against his countrymen until 1821, when he joined Iturbide, who promoted him to high offices.

When Iturbide established an empire, Santa Anna proclaimed a republic and brought about his patron's downfall, but in 1829 he tried to again bring Mexico under Spanish rule.

His policy, which was to reduce the states to provinces and place all power in the central government, lost his country Texas, in 1836.

Texas was very far from the national center, and the means of communication were few.

Many adventurers from the United States had poured into that province—celebrated for its cattle-raising. Austin had brought 300 families which settled on the site now bearing his name and it became more American than Spanish.

The United States had completed the Louisiana Purchase, but inherited with it, the old dispute with Mexico over boundary, so, during the dispute, Texas set up a claim for independence. The Alamo, in San Antonio, now a war museum, was its "cradle of liberty."

It was a convent in the old Spanish days, but was used as a fort, defended by Col. Bowie (of bowie-knife fame), David Crockett and a handful of men, but Santa Anna marched against them, captured the fort, and killed the defenders, but Gen. Houston later defeated him at San Jacinto.

Texas thus won her independence and she became a republic, with Houston as president.

That government did not long survive, however, owing chiefly to financial reasons, so the Americans applied for annexation to the United States, after which followed our war with Mexico, 1845-1848.

One of the battles of that war Whittier immortalized in his poem—
"The Angels of Buena Vista." He closes with this tribute to the "Angels:"

"But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and lacking food.
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,

And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange
and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world
of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring
afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity
send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly
in our air!"

For about half a century after the birth of the Mexican republic, the country was in a state of chronic disorder and civil war, and through it all, Santa Anna bobbed up serenely.

He was a great man—in one respect, at least—for through it all he preserved his head and he had the distinction which was unique in Mexico at that time—of dying a natural death.

That happy event occurred in 1876, and from that date Mexico's advancement and prosperity began.

During those fifty years, Mexico had fifty-two presidents and one emperor, and each change in a ruler was brought about by so much bloodshed that its history would read like an obituary column.

Santa Anna was president five times and the president's master times without number.

After the loss of Texas and his capture by

Houston, he was held a prisoner for a time in the States, and was in disfavor with his countrymen; but afterwards the French, luckily for him—attacked Vera Cruz and in his gallant defense of that city he lost a leg.

That loss was a great gain to him, for it reinstated him somewhat in the good graces of the people.

On the fall of the national capital to Scott he resigned the presidency and fled the city by night.

In 1853 he was recalled by a revolution in his country and made president for life with the title of "Most Serene Highness."

His harsh rule, however, provoked a number of revolts and he was driven from the country.

On the establishment of an empire under Maximilian he was allowed to return and was appointed grand marshall of the empire.

That high office even, could not make him faithful, and he plotted against this patron also, and was again driven forth.

On the death of Maximilian, he attempted to return, was captured, tried by court martial, and sentenced to death, but Juarez pardoned him, on condition of his leaving the country, and the now old man amused himself as best he could in the United States—mostly in New York until a general amnesty in 1872 allowed him to return to Mexico. He was then 77 years old. Four years later he died, and is

buried in the beautiful cemetery in the churchyard at Guadalupe-Hidalgo.

MAXIMILIAN, THE EMPEROR OF MEXICO.

What with civil war and strife, Mexico's resources were well-nigh exhausted.

When she proclaimed her inability to meet her foreign financial obligations, three European countries, England, France and Spain, sent war ships in protest, and also to protect their respective citizens.

Afterwards England and Spain withdrew their forces, but the French fleet remained, and held the capital, 1862.

Louis Bonaparte, Napoleon III, was then emperor of France and he wished to increase his own glory by making Mexico a vassal of that country, so he invited Maximilian, the archduke of Austria, and younger brother of the emperor Francis Joseph, to the throne which he accepted in all good faith thinking it a kindness to govern a country so utterly unable to govern itself. He with his wife, Carlotta, daughter of Leopold, the king of Belgium, was crowned in the Cathedral of Mexico in 1864.

Mexico invoked the protection of the United States according to the Monroe Doctrine, in vain, as that country was engaged in its own Civil War, but when that ended America ordered the French troops recalled. Carlotta

sought aid from Napoleon and from the pope but in vain, so Maximilian was helpless, though he made a desperate defense at Puebla and at Queretaro. At the former place, Diaz, the present president of Mexico, distinguished himself with the Republican forces.

Maximilian was tried by court martial and shot; while Carlotta became hopelessly insane.

On the Hill of the Bells at Queretaro were three black crosses marking the spot where perished Maximilian and his two generals, Mijia and Miramon, but later a memorial chapel has been built there in honor of the martyred emperor.

JUAREZ AND THE "REFORM."

In the southern state of Oaxaca, in Mexico, was born in 1806, a child of Indian parents, Benito Juarez.

He was destined to play a forcible part in Mexican affairs, becoming a leader of the Liberals and overthrowing the Conservatives, or Church party.

Of all strifes, that concerning religion is the most bitter, and much of the bloodshed in Mexico was caused in defending it or in attacking it.

During the three hundred years of Mexico's subjection to Spain, the religion of the country was Catholic.

Church and state were united.

On the country's independence, two parties existed, the one which upheld the church and the one which opposed it.

In 1858 the Liberal president was overthrown by the Church party and Juarez, who was vice-president of the Liberals, assumed the executive, but was forced to flee from the capital.

He was the first protestant president of Mexico.

He was a mason and fought to overthrow the Church.

It was a strife somewhat similar to that in France at the present day.

In 1859 he issued from Vera Cruz, where he was forced to remain, his Laws of the Reform.

They were harsh mandates against the religion of the country.

The church property was confiscated.

Religious Orders were driven out of the country.

No religious procession was allowed on the streets.

No priest was to be seen on the street in his priestly garb.

The Religions Sisters were forced to leave their convents.

Civil marriage only was recognized by the state.

We can realize how the Church party welcomed Maximilian as a means of opposing those arbitrary laws.

On the death of Maximilian, Juarez entered the capital and was elected president for four years.

He was re-elected in 1871, during many fierce revolutionary uprisings.

He died suddenly the next year. He is buried in San Fernando Cemetery, in the City of Mexico. His tomb is literally lined with wreaths, crowns, and masonic emblems of every shape and hue.

He is called by some the Lincoln of his race.

Very bitter indeed must be their hatred of religion when they compare it to the slavery from which our noble Lincoln freed our country!

PORFIRIO DIAZ, THE FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE.

Early in the nineteenth century Oaxaca gave birth to another child of Indian parentage, Porfirio Diaz.

Since 1876, coincident with the death of Santa Anna, he has been president of the Mexican Republic.

Thirty-five years president of a country, which had as many rulers, formerly, as years!

In our Lincoln's Day celebrations we distribute to the children of our schools pictures of the log cabin in which our hero was born.

It is one of our greatest incentives to show that no matter how lowly or humble the parent-

age, true greatness will assert itself and rise to its proper sphere.

Diaz's birthplace, a humble adobe hut, was torn down and a school erected over the site.

It may not be well to repeat unkind statements, but we were told in Mexico, that Diaz had his early home torn down because he was ashamed of it!

We do not know.

Many unkind things are said of him in Mexico, but it alters not our opinion of him. He is a great man, and a prudent man; and a mighty ruler.

It is a saying that "a prophet is without honor in his own country," and the saying is verified in the case of Diaz.

He may not be entirely without honor, but we have seen that he is not without opposition and intrigue and bitter hatred.

It makes one only marvel the more at his great ability, and feel everywhere the strength which his "velvet glove" conceals.

"We think highly of your president," we have said to Mexicans, "he has placed your country among the nations of the world.

What wonderful improvements! What order! What discipline! What drainage!

Perfect safety of life and property. Schools, railroads, freedom."

And then the flashing eyes and the contracted brows.

"Yes, Diaz!" has been almost hissed, and from these courteous Mexicans!

"You do not like Diaz? It's a wonder you are not afraid to speak as you do. We might tell."

"No, I am not afraid. Diaz is afraid of America. He gives all concessions to Americans. He gives the railroads. Yes, he is afraid to fight.

See that case on the Yaqui River.

The Americans own the mines; they settle there. They incite the natives to rebellion against the government.

We have spent thousands of dollars in repressing them. They are continually breaking out.

It is Texas over again. Why doesn't Diaz let us fight! What if we do get licked? We'd have the satisfaction of fighting anyway.

Diaz is just afraid, that's all," etc., etc.

O, those fiery young Mexicans!

Fighting is in their blood. It has been smoldering for thirty-one years.

Another says, "Wait until Diaz is dead and then you'll see!"

I wonder what we'll see?

We see now, that he holds the check-reins tight and keeps the bit well in.

There is no free press in Mexico.

If any newspaper suggested that another president would be desired, that editor would be put to death.

Many men are "done away with" and nothing is thought of it.

It is said to be for the good of the country.

Elections are a farce. When election time draws near, the chosen few get together and then the announcement is made that Diaz is re-elected.

On the adoption of the Republican form of government in 1824, Mexico closely modeled its Constitution on that of the United States.

The president, assisted by six secretaries, was to be elected for four years.

But in the destiny of nations, who is to be the arbiter?

Mexico has not much cause for friendliness towards the United States. We have taken very much territory from her, and now we are treading on her toes in taking her most valuable productions.

O, yes, it is American push and energy and capital and all that but is there an equal amount of American justice and uprightness in it?

In a certain well-known American periodical, we read this glowing announcement:

"Millions for America in Mexican copper! Mexico has produced in mineral wealth more than a billion dollars.

More than half the mining patents last year were granted to men who were, or had been, citizens of the United States.

Mexico may rank first in the world's producers of copper."

And then it went on to state how many mines were already owned by a certain company of Chicago!

It's fine for America, isn't it? My country, I rejoice in your Might.

To the furthermost bounds of the earth your strong right arm stretches forth to protect me and uphold me.

What prouder title than to be an American citizen!

But O, America, my country, let me rather rejoice in your Right than in your Might.

There were other great nations of the past, and their Might has crumbled and there remains only their name.

But Right is eternal.

Diaz, forced to flee from his country, has died in exile.

One president has succeeded another in rapid succession and one political party after another has held sway. What with the war cloud extending even to our own United States the end is not yet in sight.

His Grace, the most Reverend Archbishop Ruiz of Mexico, has graciously sent the following letter in response to a request for a statement concerning the recent upheavals in Mexico. He is exiled in our midst—one of the shepherds hounded that the wolves might the more easily devour their flocks:

Chicago, March 20, 1917.

Miss S. A. Ryan,
832 Windsor Ave.

Dear Miss Ryan:

In answer to your kind request, I am sending not a sketch of the Mexican affairs, which would require longer time than I can dispose of and a greater space than the length of a letter; but just a few words in due praise of the little known religiousness of that unfortunate, yet great people.

Since the early days of the Spanish Rule in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the "good tidings" were fervently preached and attentively listened to. Most of the Indian tribes accepted the Gospel at once, while the task of the conversion of some others was a hard one, and more than one religious order can glory of several martyred missionaries.

The rectitude, integrity, morality, behavior; —in sum, the whole life of those early converts was deserving and exemplary.

Soon the country as a whole became Catholic, and when later on a new race sprang on that soil, it received from both the Spanish and the Indian ancestors the patrimony of Faith.

For nearly three and a half centuries, religion was held in reverence and honor; so it could set deep roots, quite unaware of the impending storms which eventually were to come and shake it most violently, as the howling

winds shake the old oak in the woods when the tempest is raging.

Adversity came and has settled in that country ever since the first years of the past century. The Catholics were put to a hard test, first under a masqued persecution and afterwards, in three different times, in an open way—their churches, convents and colleges were looted and seized, their worthiest men imprisoned or banished and no means were spared to seal the doom of Faith, among which it was perhaps the worse that the rulers obliged the children to receive an anti-religious and atheistic instruction.

There were different stages; but it stands a fact that for more than a century, once a persecution had subsided, another has taken its place.

The test has been a hard and lasting one. How have the Catholic people stood it?

When about the close of 1905 you visited that country, surely you could not fail to realize how strong, how intense is Faith there, how people are, as it were, identified with their Faith, and do really live a life of Faith.

A few years ago, one of the most honorable foreigners I have ever met, describing his personal impressions, told me that nothing had struck him more deeply during his long life, than the most frequent use of illusions to God in the Mexican language. Certainly such expres-

sions as "If God permits," "if God allows," "thank God," "blessed be God," "praised be God," "God help," "God bless you," "God enlighten you," "God lead you," "God bring you safe" and many, many more are common in daily conversation. The worthy visitor ought to add that God has the choicest place not only on the lips, but in the homes and in the hearts of the Mexicans as well. The most conspicuous place not only of rich mansions but of poor huts as well, is always occupied by a picture of our Divine Saviour or of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

On the other hand, blasphemy has always been utterly unknown, and when, once upon a time a certain editor accused the people of it, the clamor aroused against him was as great as was my joy to find that not even blasphemous expressions and terms were found in the language of the Mexicans. It is the sad lot of the present time to have blasphemy not only on the lips of some miscreants, but even printed in the daily press and spread throughout.

If, during your trip, you had the chance to stop in a country parish, you must surely have realized how careful are those peasants to hear Mass on Sundays, no matter if it rains, or is cold or hot; no matter if they live two, three, six or even more miles afar.

Not being there by May, you could not see one of the most beautiful and, as it were, heav-

enly displays of devotion towards the Most Blessed Virgin Mary. But perhaps you were acquainted with our traditional "Posadas" or novena before Christmas.

I hope also that you had the opportunity to behold the December monthly pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. None of these displays of Faith and devotion but are grand.

Now that persecution rages, and that numberless outrages are committed against the Church, they suffer, pray and expect better days.

Meanwhile they have set an encouraging example: they have openly protested against those articles of the new constitution conflicting with their consciences and deep convictions. And this they did under the present, far from reassuring circumstances.

In view of these facts, it is to be hoped that, despite oppression and persecution, the heroic Mexican Catholics shall continue to cling to their religion as hitherto, and that the Catholic Faith so deeply anchored in their hearts, shall be always their guide and their most prized treasure.

With best regards, I remain

Very truly yours

Leopoldo Ruis,

Archbishop of Michoacán

Personal Letters and Testimonials to
Miss Ryan, pertaining to
her book,

"Florence in Poetry, History and Art"

FLORENCE
IN POETRY, HISTORY AND ART

"Florence is Poetry, History and Art," by Sara Agnes Ryan, is a book that will meet the approval of those who travel to Italy either by steamship or in imagination under the study lamp. It is written by one who has found inner beauty everywhere, and to whom venerable shrines unfolded the story of the renaissance. Florence lives again in her pride. Her history as told in the records of saints, and the artists who came after, and the poets of all countries who sang of them fill the volume of 354 pages.

The narrative is accompanied by half-tone prints of famous works of art and photographs of galleries showing where masterpieces are hung. Although the treasures of the city of the Arno are practically inexhaustible, Miss Ryan has made a liberal survey of nearly everything of importance and including paintings and sculpture and reference to places that escape the average visitor.

The literary style has a charm and the text is clear and friendly, leading the reader through appropriate quotations from various writers. The opinions are woven together to secure an artistic unity, escaping the pitfalls laid for the author who lacks the personality to give an individual impression to a narrative reciting history and borrowing the fine utterances of famous men and women of the past.

For the benefit of those who travel abroad and are on the lookout for a book to put them in the atmosphere of Italy, the plan is as follows: "The Story of Florence," recalling the city of the thirteenth century, the saints, artists, churches, the republic and its palaces, carries the reader through the noonday splendor of Florence, the era of Michaelangelo, the Magnificent and the Monk, the days of Leonardo and Raphael into the sixteenth century, "ere yet the shadows fall." By means of legends and poetry, the romance is preserved and old pictures and works of art gain a reality they would never have had by looking upon them with the average guide book. The second part of the volume is a formal review of the treasures of Florence, intended to serve as a work of reference.

Miss Ryan's choice of authorities is excellent. Her literary excerpts come from fresh sources as well as those tried by time, and it is a marvel that a teacher busy in the Chicago public schools should have found the leisure to plan a work of such extent and one that carries enthusiasm from first to last. It is the product of an unwearied thinker, and one who has enjoyed and understood the beauty of the old Italian masters—*Lena M. McCauley, in "Art and Artists" of the Chicago Evening Post.*

"Florence in Poetry, History and Art," by Sara Agnes Ryan, is an elaborate volume on a familiar but enduringly fascinating theme. The plan of the work presents two parts, the first being the story of the city of the Arno, covering the great events and characters from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. Poems from all sources have been carefully selected to tell the story, and these are varied where necessary by interpretations and notes filling out the history.

The second part is devoted to the treasures of Florence—churches, palaces, galleries and other places of renown. There are over seventy illustrations, reproductions of famous and beautiful pictures, as well as some excellent photographs of parts of the city.

The work has evidently been a labor of love on the part of the author-compiler, and she has produced an attractive work, bringing together the best thoughts of the many poets and artists whose delight it was to honor Florence with their best gifts."—*Chicago Daily News.*

"This is a very handsome volume, well printed, and put together with discretion and taste.

It is a veritable thesaurus for the lover of Florence. Through the centuries there is culled the best in all the arts. There is woven an engaging history of the most fascinating city of the world.

The book is divided into two parts. The first tells the story of Florence from the thirteenth century, its saints and its artists. Part two relates the treasures of Florence, its churches and its palaces.

The illustrations are a running commentary, a magic moving picture.

An excellent index leaves nothing to be desired for the completion of a very valuable work. We recommend it to those whose good fortune it has been to have visited the city by the Arno, and more so to those contemplating such a visit. Here is a guide book worth while."—*The New World.*

"This book is in a class by itself. In a spirited, tender fashion it tells the story of Florence, giving the reader a more definite understanding of that wonderful city than the more voluminous works dealing with a pretentious mass of uninteresting details.

Florence is a city made famous by saints, poets, sculptors, and painters. It is the storehouse of much that is precious in the eyes of the world—it is the treasury of some of the best creative works of genius. Religion, Art, Poetry and Romance have found their finest interpretations there in the centuries now gone; and the saints, poets, sculptors and painters of Florence have left behind them immortal monuments which have been the inspiration for those who walked in their footsteps.

There is scarcely a writer of prose or poetry of more modern times who has not in some way glorified the memories of Florence and it is precisely these various sentiments of love and affection that the author has gathered in this volume, weaving daintily with her own deft touches the threads that bind them together.

The text is, moreover, illustrated with seventy illustrations, intelligently chosen to portray the glory of achievement and to emphasize the splendor of the genius that has made Florence eminent among the cities of the world."—*Monsignor Kelly, in The Church Extension Magazine.*

"Italy is the recognized mother of arts and literature. Florence, perhaps more than any other Italian city, is pre-eminent in both, and in addition may claim to have been the birthplace of modern commercial and monetary systems.

The Medici made Florence financially famous. Dante, Petrarch and Bocaccio immortalized her in verse and prose. Michaelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto blazoned the glory of old Firenze to the four corners of the world by their unsurpassing skill with the brush. Lippo Lippi and his brother Angelico, the artist monks, were the inspired apostles of the renaissance. Ghi-

berti, Donatello, Da Fiesole, Luca della Robbia, Verrochio and Ghirlandajo heaped the highest honors of sculpture upon the ancient city.

Thus it happens that Florence, the city of flowers, is likewise the flower of cities, a treasure-house of poetry and art, a Mecca for all that world which loves history and romance and the masterpiece of the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

In her volume, "Florence in Poetry, History and Art," Sara Agnes Ryan has compiled within a scant 350 pages, the written references to Florence of more than 100 authors, with a brief history of the Lily of the Arno, her great merchants and bankers, her artists, poets and sculptors, famous buildings, splendid statues and celebrated paintings.

The work is an invaluable companion to the visitor to Florence. By its aid one whose knowledge of the city must be confined to reading can become familiar with every phase of the world's most renowned art center.

The writer has produced a painstaking and creditable compilation, not without its passage of originality and novelty. The value of the work is greatly enhanced by a convenient map and exhaustive index.

A series of similar volumes treating with equal skill and authority other world-cities would be worth a place on the book shelves of

everyone who strives to be on ordinarily familiar terms with the world in which we live."
—*The Chicago Journal.*

"This would make a royal gift-book for Christmas. Lovers of Florence, no less than lovers of poetry and art, will revel in its sumptuous pages.

It is a beautiful book, compiled with infinite painstaking and lavishly illustrated with fine, full-page half-tones of the notable paintings in the various galleries of Florence. The history of Florence and of its great historic personages, is set forth in prose and poem with a continuity and charm of selection from the best authors, modern and medieval—from Dante to Dickens—that speak well for the scholarship, the literary discernment, the omniverous industry and the infinitely good taste of Miss Ryan.

No word on Florence is left unsaid. Its fascinating story is revealed. Its galleries are ransacked to give us the best of its art. Its poets and artists and warriors and statesmen are made to re-live in Miss Ryan's pages.

'Florence in Poetry, History and Art' is a book to read and re-read, to handle reverently, and to treasure with care.

We know of nothing that to scholar, student, or literary person, would be more acceptable as a Christmas gift."—*The Rosary Magazine.*

Cardinal's Residence,
408 N. Charles St.,
Baltimore, April 10, 1916.

Dear Miss Ryan:

His eminence, Cardinal Gibbons directs me to say that he has quickly looked over the copy of "Florence in Poetry, History and Art" and found it very pleasing and interesting. He thanks you for your kind thought in sending the volume to him.

Faithfully yours,
E. J. Connelly,
Asst. Secy.

P. S.—Please find enclosed check to cover expense of sending book.

452 Madison Ave.,
New York, Dec. 19, 1916.

Dear Miss Ryan:

His eminence, Cardinal Farley, directs me to state in answer to your letter of Dec. 11, that he will take the volume "Florence in Poetry, History and Art" with which he is greatly pleased.

His Eminence would like you to send four (4) more copies and with them your bill (retail) for the five.

Sincerely yours,
Thomas G. Carroll,
Secretary.

From His Grace, the Most Reverend John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul.

St. Paul, Oct. 4, 1916.

Madam:

I enclose a check for two copies of your book—one which you have sent me, another which you will please send to me. The book is admirably written, giving a true description of fair Florence, amid splendid flashes of a poetic imagination. Your grouping of extracts from different authors touching upon men and things in old Florence gives to the whole narrative a richness which charms the reader while putting before him succinctly an immense volume of choice literature. Your treatment of Galileo is very good, very clever.

Very sincerely,

John Ireland.

From the Revered Late Archbishop Spalding.

Peoria, Nov. 24, 1915.

Miss Sara Agnes Ryan,

Dear Miss Ryan:

Please accept my sincere thanks for the volume you have so kindly sent to me.

It is a valuable contribution to Religion and Art. I enclose a check for five dollars.

Very sincerely yours,

J. L. Spalding.

Archbishop's House,
St. Louis, Nov. 16, 1916.

Miss Sara Agnes Ryan,

Your letter of the 13th inst. to hand, as also your book entitled, "Florence in Poetry, History and Art," which you were kind enough to forward to me.

I shall be very glad at my leisure to read this beautiful work of yours, and in the meantime you will accept the enclosed check in payment thereof.

With all good wishes, I remain

Yours sincerely,
John J. Glennon,
Archbishop of St. Louis.

Bishop's House,
1035 Delaware Ave.,
Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1916.

Miss Sara Agnes Ryan, Chicago, Ill.

My dear Miss Ryan:

Enclosed please find check to pay for a copy of your book entitled "Florence in Poetry, History and Art." I have not has as yet the time to read it, but I must congratulate you upon the appearance it makes; it is certainly a beautiful looking book, and I promise myself a treat whenever I get time to read it.

Very sincerely yours,
D. J. Dougherty,
Bishop of Buffalo.

Saint Vincent College,
Beatty, Penn., Sept. 14, 1916.

My dear Miss Ryan:

The Rt. Rev. Archabbot has instructed me to thank you in his name for the volume you sent for his inspection.

He considers your work "Florence in Poetry, History and Art" a very scholarly performance. The poetic passages, in particular, show a thorough acquaintance with the *loci classici* bearing on your subject and exceptional taste in selection. I beg to enclose check for the volume sent and for another copy to be addressed to St. Vincent Abbey Library.

With best wishes for the success of your literary venture, I remain

Yours very truly,
Fr. Callistus, O. S. B.

The St. Paul Seminary,
Groveland Park,
St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 12, 1916.

Miss Sara Agnes Ryan, Chicago, Ill.

Madam:

I have received your beautiful book on Florence and read part of it. You may send your bill for it to Rev. John Seligkar, Ph. D., our librarian to whom I submitted it for approval.

I beg to remain

Respectfully,
L. J. Schaffer,

Loretto Academy,
Niagara Falls, Canada, Dec. 11, 1916.

Miss S. A. Ryan, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Ryan:

Our librarian has perused the choice volume and is enthusiastic over its contents. She considers it an invaluable addition to our library.

With the accompanying check I offer you heartfelt congratulations on a literary and artistic production, revealing vast research, and interesting from first page to last.

Thanking you for the pleasure and enlightenment provided by your splendid work, and wishing you abundant success in your enterprise, I am,

Very sincerely in J. C.
Mother M. Eucharia, Supr.,
Per M. B.

Mount de Chantal,
Wheeling, W. Va., May 19, 1916.

Dear Miss Ryan:

Enclosed please find check in payment for your book "Florence in Poetry, History and Art."

The book is attractive in appearance and instructive in contents and it will be an acceptable addition to our library.

Very cordially yours,
Mother M. Gertrude, V. J. & M.
Per A.

Villa Marie Convent,
Montreal, Feb. 2, 1916.

My dear Miss Ryan:

Enclosed is the price of your beautiful book, as the bill marks it.

You are to be congratulated on bringing out so magnificent a volume. I wish you the success of sale its merits deserve.

Very truly yours,
Sister St. Mary Caroline,
Per S. Superior.

St. Francis Seminary,
St. Francis, Wis., Dec. 14, 1916.

Dear Miss Ryan:

I will keep your beautiful tribute to Italian Art and Poetry and hereby send you check, wishing you success and God's blessing on your noble endeavor to do justice to the "ages of Faith." Yours sincerely,
J. Rainer, V. G.

Holy Cross Academy, Dumbarton,
Washington, D. C., Nov. 11, 1915.

My dear Miss Ryan:

Your book is beautifully arranged and the illustrations very fine. If time is ever mine I shall take pleasure in reading it.

Please send receipt to

Yours truly in J. M. J.,
Sister M. Bertilde.

Seminary of Our Lady of Angels,
Niagara University, N. Y., May 13, 1916.

Miss Sara A. Ryan,

Dear Miss Ryan:

In sending you the enclosed check for the copy of "Florence in History, Poetry and Art," which you mailed me, I wish also to congratulate you on the production of so fascinating a work. It will, I trust, receive a cordial welcome from all lovers of Italian Art and Poetry, and those who have not enjoyed a visit to this far-famed historic city can read your book with much pleasure and profit.

To those who have been there, the perusal of the book will be to live over again a visit never to be forgotten.

Very respectfully yours,
M. A. Drennan, C. M.

Office of the President,
St. Viator College.
Bourbonnais, Ill., Oct. 8, 1915.

Miss Sara A. Ryan, Chicago, Ill.

My dear Miss Ryan:

Enclosed you will find check for the copy of your book "Florence in Poetry, History and Art."

Hoping that there will be a proportional demand for your splendid work, I remain

Very truly yours,
J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V.

College and Academy of the
Immaculate Word,
Alamo Heights,
San Antonio, Texas, Mar. 29, 1916.

Dear Miss Ryan:

I am in receipt of your book entitled "Florence in Poetry, History and Art." It will add another classical volume to our library and keep us in touch with the greatest of the great.

I take pleasure in enclosing check and wish God's blessing on your work. I am

Sincerely yours,
Rev. Mother Alphonse,
Per Sr. M. Sup. Gen.

St. Louis University,
Office of the President.
St. Louis, Jan. 30, 1916.

Miss Sara Agnes Ryan, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Ryan:

Being exceedingly busy myself I turned over your book "Florence in Poetry, History and Art" to our professor of History and Art for inspection. He speaks very highly of your work.

I am enclosing a check so kindly send me another copy. Please too, to send a receipted bill.

Yours very respectfully,
Barnard J. Otting, S. J.
President.

Ursuline Convent,
New Orleans, Dec. 4, 1915.

Dear Miss Ryan:

Your book entitled "Florence in Poetry, History and Art" is certainly admirably arranged. It will fill a long felt want in English literature, and I hope it will meet with the hearty welcome it deserves.

Enclosed is a check to cover the price of the volume you sent for my perusal. I have not time at present to read it, but from a cursory glance I gave its contents, I know I shall enjoy it, as it appears to be so thoroughly classic.

I am enclosing the card and clippings you sent. I read them with much satisfaction.

Wishing you every success with your interesting work, I am yours sincerely,

Mother St. Charles, Sup.

Convent of Notre Dame,
321 East Sixth Street.
Cincinnati, Ohio, Feb. 5, 1917.

Miss Sara Agnes Ryan,

Dear Madam:

We enclose a check to cover cost of your excellent book. We wish it God speed on its errand of good to the educational world.

With best wishes I am dear madam

Yours sincerely,

Sister Cornelia,
S. N. D.

The Creighton University,
College of Arts and Sciences,
25th & California Streets.
Omaha, Neb., Jan. 25th, 1916.

Miss Sara Agnes Ryan,
Dear Madam:

Father McMenemy, President of the University, requests me to convey to you his sincere thanks for permitting him to read the enclosures which I am returning to you.

It affords me pleasure to enclose also a small acknowledgment of the reception of your very attractive book on "Florence," which we shall be glad to add to the University library.

Yours very sincerely,
William T. Kinsella, S. J.,
Librarian.

Holy Cross Academy, Dumbarton,
Washington, D. C., Dec. 19, 1915.

My dear Miss Ryan:

I have decided to make Xmas gifts of your book to two special friends—so please send me another copy—of course I will be minus my own copy, but just now I don't feel like investing in another copy.

I have not had time to read much in it, but its makeup is beautiful.

Please send at once.

Yours in haste,
Sister M. Bertilde.

Trinity College,
Washington, D. C., Feb. 15, 1916.

Miss Sara Agnes Ryan,
Dear Miss Ryan:

Sister Superior bids me tell you that she likes very much your book on "Florence in Poetry, History and Art." She will keep the copy sent her for examination and will be glad to have another copy mailed at your earliest convenience to Sister Superior Mary Borgia, Convent of Notre Dame, Newton Street, Waltham, Massachusetts.

Kindly mail the bill for both to Trinity College, and our treasurer will settle it at once.

The illustrations of your beautiful book are of special interest to Trinity College, since our O'Connor Art Gallery contains fine copies of many of the great pictures in Florence. Sometime when you are in Washington come in and see us.

This copy of the book has been given me for the library and I am happy to have it at hand.

With all good wishes, dear Miss Ryan, I remain

Sincerely yours,
Sister Mary Patricia,
S. N. D.

Jesuits' College, 140 Baronne St.
New Orleans, La., Feb. 5, 1916.

Miss S. A. Ryan,
Dear Miss Ryan:

I have made an all day trip through Florence with your interesting "Florence in Poetry, History and Art." Needless to say, I was greatly pleased. Your work deserves unstinted praise and I hope many will be as delighted as I was in the perusal. I enclose a small donation and wish I could send you a large one. I remain

Respectfully,
John D. Foulkes, S. J.

Academy of the Sacred Heart,
Eden Hall, Torresdale, Pa.
December 16, 1916.

My dear Miss Ryan:

In answer to your letter of December 9th, I am happy to say that we have had a copy of "Florence in Poetry, History and Art" in our library ever since its publication, and have found it most suggestive and helpful, greatly in demand amongst those of our children who study the History of Art.

I trust you will be successful in making your book more generally known in this part of the country.

Sincerely yours,
Per E. C. *R. Burnett, R. S. H.*

Enclosed please find check for book sent.

St. Mary's College,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

My dear Miss Ryan:

Reverend Mother is so pleased with your book "Florence in Poetry, History and Art" that she is going to have it reviewed in the college paper, "The Chimes."

Cordially yours,
Sister Mary Willibrord.

Ursuline College and Academy.
Springfield, Ill., Feb. 5, 1916.

Miss Sara Ryan,
Dear Miss Ryan:

Enclosed please find check in payment for your book "Florence in Poetry, History and Art."

It certainly does honor to its author.

Respectfully,
Sister M. Angela, Superior.

Seton Hill Schools.
Greensbury, Penn., Jan. 31, 1917.

My dear Miss Ryan:

Please find enclosed my check in payment of your very charming work on "Florence in Poetry, History and Art."

Wishing you continued success in your literary efforts, I am

Very truly yours,
Sister M. Francesca.

Holy Cross College
Brookland, D. C.

Dear Miss Ryan:

I enclose P. O. order for the book on Florence. I shall put it on the library table and do what I can to widen its circulation, by calling the attention of others to its excellence.

Thanking you for sending me the work, I am

Very truly yours,

J. A. Burns, C. S. C.

Convent of the Sacred Heart,
Manhattanville, City of New York.
February 15, 1917.

Dear Miss Ryan:

Reverend Mother has been away from home; she tells me now to ask you to send her two other copies of your book, which she finds planned in a helpful manner for the student.

Sincerely yours,

E. M. Kenny, Sec'y.

College of Saint Elizabeth,
Convent Station, New Jersey.
Dec. 14, 1915.

My Dear Miss Ryan:

Your copy of "Florence in Poetry" was duly received. Kindly send me three more copies. Send bill to

Yours truly,

Sister M. Pauline.

Saint Mary's College and Academy
Monroe, Mich., Nov. 18, 1915.

Please find draft in payment for the book on Florence sent us recently. The matter and illustrations make your book very interesting and attractive.

Very sincerely,
Mother Superior.

Georgetown Convent
1500 35th St., Washington, D. C.

Miss Ryan:

I find our check was sent to you without a line. We are pleased to have your book for the Art Class.

Yours in Corde Jesu,
Sr. M. Benedicta Mullen, Superior.

J. M. J.
Ursuline Nuns,
Toledo, Ohio, Dec. 17, 1915.

Miss Sara Agnes Ryan, Chicago.

My Dear Miss Ryan:

I beg your pardon for my neglect in returning your precious criticisms.

The book speaks for itself. It is a treasury of Art. Trusting the Christmas season may bring you many purchasers, I am

Yours gratefully,
Sister Mary Bernard.

Enclosed find check.

J. M. J.
St. Joseph's Academy,
St. Louis, Mo. February 24, 1917.

Dear Miss Ryan:

Kindly pardon my delay in returning your good testimonials and the remittance for your very good book, "Florence in Poetry, History and Art."

I am sure we shall enjoy it thoroughly and derive profit from it. There is much that is valuable to teachers and students gathered into small compass and given a beautiful setting by your labor and talent.

May you find full measure of success in putting your book where it will help others.

Yours sincerely,
Sr. Agnes Gonzaga Ryan.

Kindly send me another copy.

Board of Education,
City of Chicago, May 26, 1913.

My Dear Miss Ryan:

It is a pleasure to me to see one of our Chicago teachers publishing a piece of work so meritorious as is your "Florence in Poetry, History and Art." I seem to have been revisiting Florence, carried back by the pages of your book.

Very truly yours,
Ella Flagg Young,
Superintendent of Schools.

St. Joseph's Seminary,
Troy, N. Y. Feb. 22, 1917.

My Dear Miss Ryan:

We greatly appreciate your splendid work on Florence and regret that we cannot just now take several copies.

Enclosed please find check for the copy sent.

Respectfully yours,

Per F C *Mother M. Irene.*

Redemptorist Fathers,
Immaculate Conception Seminary,
Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.
June 6, 1913.

Rev. P. E. Foerster, C. SS. R.,
Rector St. Alphonsus Church, Chicago.

Reverend and Dear Father:

A hundred thanks for your kind gift, "Florence in Poetry, History and Art." It is the first addition to the Art department of our library since coming to Oconomowoc. The volume is worthy of the matter treated, which is saying much, for Florence was the flower of the Renaissance.

It is a happy way of treating Art Masters—to have Masters of kindred Arts describe them. I wish to thank you again for the gift.

Pardon my delay in acknowledging it, but I was desirous of reading the book before writing. I intend, as soon as class closes, to make myself better acquainted with the heirlooms of

the "City of the Medici," and shall take Miss Sara Agnes Ryan as my guide.

Again thanking you, I remain

Your grateful Confrere,

T. F. Kenny, C. SS. R.

De Paul University, 1010 Webster Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois, June 3, 1913.

Miss Sara Agnes Ryan,
Chicago, Illinois.

My Dear Miss Ryan:

I must crave your pardon for not acknowledging your handsome gift before this. I know that you will forgive my seeming neglect. I assure you I will treasure your gift. I hope it will be read by many who will learn from its pages the religious inspiration that guided the doers of the deeds recorded in its pages. The volume will be very useful to me in my work in the University.

As to any kindness shown by me in the time of sorrow, I beg to assure you that I have always felt that I never could do enough to honor one whose life has been spent in so noble a cause as that in which your dear departed sister, Sister Mary Priscilla, sacrificed her life.

Hoping you will accept my apologies because of my many duties, and thanking you sincerely, I beg to remain

Yours devotedly,

F. X. McCabe, C. M., LL. D.

From the late Rev. Father Mullaney, pastor of St. John's Church, Syracuse, N. Y. Father Mullaney was a brother of the late Brother Azarias, the gifted *literateur*. He himself wrote a "Life of Dante" and he was very familiar with Florence.

St. John's Rectory,
Syracuse, N. Y., December 15, 1914.

Miss Sara Agnes Ryan, Chicago, Illinois.

My Dear Miss Ryan:

Kindly send to me 25 copies of your beautiful "Florence in Poetry, History and Art." I want these copies for our teaching Sisters.

With best wishes, I remain

Very sincerely yours,
John F. Mullaney.

St. John's Rectory,
Syracuse, N. Y., January 27, 1915.

Miss Sara Agnes Ryan, Chicago, Illinois.

My Dear Miss Ryan:

Enclosed please find check for the amount rendered for "Beautiful Florence." Most of these books I have sent to non-Catholics, and I am sure they must be very much pleased with scholarship, binding and general make-up of the book.

I trust you will find encouragement to bring out other books of the same style and finish.

Wishing you every success, I remain

Sincerely yours in Christ,
John J. Mullaney.

From Rev. George A. Thomas, C. SS. R., pastor of St. Alphonsus Church, Chicago, Ill.

"I read the book with care and with pure, genuine pleasure and I am sincere when I say you have done your work well. I do not doubt that it will be appreciated by all lovers of art, and I hope it will find its way into the homes and libraries of all classes of people."

From the widow of Richard Watson Gilder, the poet and late editor of the Century Magazine. Mrs. Gilder herself was a *literateur* and an artist of merit:

24 Gramercy Park,
New York, N. Y., June 13, 1913.

Dear Miss Ryan:

Thank you for your pretty book of pictures and poems of beautiful Florence. I am going to ask you to send one to my niece, Contessa Edith Rucellai, Campi Bizenzio, Florence, Italy.

It was at the Rucellai Villa (about five miles from the Duomo) that Mr. Gilder wrote his "A Day in Tuscany"—P. 295. I think they would like to have the book for their lovely American-Italian children. With thanks,

Sincerely yours,
Helena De Kay Gilder.

Please let me know how much I owe for the book and postage to "Four Brooks Farm," Lee, Mass., and greatly oblige me. H. G.

From Mr. John Albee, author and philosopher, a member of the Concord School of Philosophy. He wrote "Remembrances of Emerson":

Silver Lake, N. H., June 15, 1913.

My Dear Miss Ryan:

You must excuse my long delay in acknowledgment of your beautiful volume on Florence. I am sure you will excuse me when I tell you I am an invalid.

I can read, but have very few days when I am able to write. I have read your book and enjoyed it very much. It seems to me its prose and verse are happily combined and arranged, and no good reader can fail to obtain an excellent general view of Italian Art and Literature.

From a winter's residence in Rome I learned something of Italian Art, but I am shamefully ignorant of Italian literature. I know merely names and what they stand for, so I was impressed by your copious quotations.

I hope your work will have great success, such as it deserves by its fruitful studies.

With thanks for your book and best wishes for all your pen finds to do, I am

Cordially yours,

J. Albee.

American Library Association,
Publishing Board,
Chicago, Illinois, June 5, 1913.
A. L. A. Periodical Cards.
Wm. Stetson Merrill, Editor.
The Newberry Library, Chicago.

Dear Miss Ryan:

I have seen a copy of your book of Florence and congratulate you upon it. I have recommended its purchase by the Newberry Library.

Yours sincerely,
Wm. Stetson Merrill.

"Miss Ryan has charmingly described the city of her love and of her pride."—*American Art News.*

"It is a sample of high-class book-making."—*W. Doxey, Editorial Dept. Rand, McNally Co., Chicago.*

Many more letters of appreciation equally cordial were received, but unfortunately they were mislaid before copies of them were secured. Nevertheless, the senders may be assured of their grateful reception.

Among the subscribers for the book are the following:

The Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

Academy of the Visitation, Washington, D. C.

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St. Cecilia's Academy, Washington, D. C.

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St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana.

St. Joseph's Academy, Adrian, Mich.

Sacred Heart Academy, Grand Rapids, Mich.

St. Mary's College, Monroe, Mich.

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Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, Mo.
Academy of the Sacred Heart, St. Louis, Mo.
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IN POETRY, HISTORY AND ART

By Sara Agnes Ryan

Publishing Department
A. C. McClurg & Co.,
330-352 East Ohio Street,
Chicago, Illinois. June 25, 1914.

Miss Sara Agnes Ryan.

Dear Miss Ryan:

We have no hesitation in saying that you have produced a very interesting work in "Venice in Poetry, History and Art."

Undoubtedly the thinking and cultured class of travelers abroad will appreciate it when it is eventually put into book form.

Very truly yours,

A. C. McClurg & Co.

[THE END]

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